

THE LIVING AGE.

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EPIPHANY VISION.

(In the Ward.)

This is the night of a Star.
 Dusk grow window and wall;
 A Cross unseen floats red o'er the
 wrack of war;
 Silences fall
 In the house where the wounded are.

 "Good-night to all!"
 Then I pause awhile by the open door,
 and see
 Their patient faces, pale through the
 blue smoke-rings,
 On the night of Epiphany. . . .
 But who are these, who are changed
 utterly,
 Wearing a look of Kings?

Brothers, whence do ye come?
 Royal and still, what Star have ye
 looked upon?
 —"From hill and valley, from many a
 city home
 We came, we endured till the last of
 strength was gone,
 Over the narrow sea.
 But what of a Star? We have only
 fought for home
 And babes on the mother's knee."
 (Their silence saith.)

—Brothers, what do ye bring
 To the Christ Whom Kings adored?—
 "We cannot tell.
 We might have fashioned once some
 simple thing;
 Once we were swift, who now are very
 slow;
 We were skilled of hand, who bear the
 splint and the sling.
 We gave no thought to Pain, in the
 year ago,
 Who since have passed through Hell.
 But what should we bring Him now—
 we, derelicts nigh past mending?"

(Frankincense, myrrh and gold;
 Winds His choristers, worlds about His
 knee. . . .
 Hath He room at all in His awful
 Treasury
 For the gifts our Kings unfold
 That can ne'er be told?)

This is the night of a Star.
 This is the long road's ending.

•They are sleeping now; they have
 brought their warrior best
 To the Lord their God Who made
 them;
 And lo! He hath repaid them
 With rest.—
 This is the night of a Star.
 The laugh that rings through torment,
 the ready jest,
 Valor and youth, lost hope, and a
 myriad dreams
 Splendidly given—
 He hath taken up to the inmost heart
 of Heaven.
 And now—while the night grows cold,
 and the ward-fire gleams—
 You may guess the tender Smile as He
 walketh hidden
 In the place where His Wise Ones are.

Mary Adair-Macdonald.

The Spectator.

THE ACCUSER.

I had sinned. In anguish for rest, I
 emptied my soul of pride;
 I knelt at the altar steps to tell, that
 my burden might lift.
 Easy it was to speak; not one shred of
 my shame did I hide;
 The man of God was not moved;
 sweetly he gave me shrift.

Cheated was grief for an hour: then
 bitter and black it came,
 Hating the friend I had wronged, I
 sought him and made him hear,
 He wept, and he took my hand—he
 spoke not a word of blame:
 Strong was his custom of love; he
 could not but hold me dear.

I said—"I am shriven clean," and,
 weary, laid me to rest.
 . . . But straight came one in the
 dark, swift, and in unknown wise.
 "Tis I, I, I thou hast wronged." Fear
 took hold of my breast.
 Quickly I leapt to answer, and stared
 into mine own eyes.

C. E. Smith.

The Bookman.

THE RECENT POLITICAL CRISIS.

The extent to which the present war has deflected party government from its normal course cannot be measured accurately at the present time. We may, however, note four periods. In the first (the critical fortnight which ended on Aug. 4, 1914) the Prime Minister received formal assurances from the Opposition leaders that they would support him if the Liberal Cabinet decided on war. In the second (August 1914 to May 1915) the Unionist Party made good this undertaking, not merely by their public utterances and action, but also by placing their services at the disposal of the Government for administrative purposes. They did not ask, nor were they invited, to accept the responsibility of office. With the third period (May 1915 to December 1916) came the Coalition, hurriedly called into existence in order to prop up the crumbling fabric of its predecessor. In this Ministry Unionists took their full share of place and power. The fourth period began with the formation of a Cabinet under a Liberal Prime Minister, in which various new elements were introduced, while the old party distinctions were to a large extent obliterated. The new order is hailed by its friends as a National Government; and the prayer of the whole country is that it may realize the hopes which it has inspired.

The Liberal-Radical Administration, which was in power throughout the first and second periods of the war, came into existence in the winter of 1905-6. The skill of Mr. Asquith in the management of Parliament and in the arts of party government, and the condition of his opponents, who during the whole of this period showed themselves lacking in ideas, policy, cohesion and leadership, were two of the main

causes which contributed to so long a tenure of office. But, without the salt of some active principle, even a Government so well led and so feebly opposed must have been liable to decay. The preservative element was provided by the courage, energy and imagination of Mr. Lloyd George—a man, at that period, more hated by the opposite party and less trusted by his own than any politician of modern times.

The Coalition held office during the third period. It was no very startling innovation upon its predecessor either in spirit or methods, but only in composition. A number of Unionists, who already for ten months had been sharing the burden of administration without official responsibility, were in May 1915 taken into full partnership. There was a very slight infusion of Labor; but the Irish Nationalists held aloof. Up to this time there had been no parliamentary opposition; now, however, there began to be a certain amount of irregular criticism which tended to increase in volume, without however, combining for common action. The real opposition—His Majesty's Official Opposition—seemed to have been transferred from an attenuated House of Commons to an overgrown Cabinet. At first sight this arrangement might appear to promise the advantage of secrecy; but, if this hope was ever seriously entertained, it was disappointed by the enterprise of the press and the incontinence of Ministers.* The majority in the Cabinet was willing to endure the reproach of dilatoriness sooner than take any

*The classic instance occurred during the autumn of 1915, when some Minister opposed to "Compulsion" and anxious to defeat it supplied a newspaper with what purported to be an account of a Cabinet discussion on this subject, the aim of this breach of confidence being to prejudice and intimidate ministerial deliberations by fomenting an agitation out of doors.

decision without the fullest deliberation. On the other hand, the Cabinet Opposition, of which the leader appeared to be Mr. Lloyd George, maintained that there are occasions when it is necessary either to hurry or to be too late—as in the case of a forest fire, a washout in a cañon, or a European war.

When the Coalition fell in December 1916, the Liberal Leaders withdrew in a body, with their whole apparatus of Whips, funds and organization. Their attitude appears to be one of dudgeon, tempered by a "benevolent neutrality"; while that of the Irish Nationalists may perhaps be described as a "vigilant neutrality." The National Government is an odd and unprecedented mixture. Assuredly there is plenty of leaven in the loaf—the Prime Minister himself, Lord Milner, Sir Edward Carson, and some dozen gentlemen whose qualifications are not party services, but work done and reputations made outside polities. Labor also is more adequately represented than it has ever been hitherto in any British Ministry; possibly it might with advantage have been given an even larger share. The Liberal contingent, with the single exception of the Premier, consists of persons who previously have held only junior offices or none at all. The stable or conventional element—an ingredient as necessary in making a Government as dough in baking bread—is provided by official Unionism. Mr. Bonar Law has successfully avoided emulation of Mr. Lloyd George's originality of choice. Indeed the Vatican itself could hardly have excluded Modernism with more scrupulous zeal than the Unionist board of selection appears to have shunned the taint of new ideas. If there be anything nowadays which corresponds to the "Young England" party of the 'forties or to the "Tory democracy" of the 'eighties, it has not

found a place in the National Government.

National unity has been maintained ever since the outbreak of war, but not always at the same level. In some important respects it has changed its character. It has been tempered by knowledge and adversity, and, like good metal, it is a finer thing at the end of the process than it was at the beginning.

In July 1914 the United Kingdom was more bitterly divided than it had ever been during the lifetime of any man or woman then alive. The German Government reckoned upon this, and we can hardly blame their miscalculation. They observed correctly, but, as foreigners are very apt to do, they drew the wrong inference. War put an end at once to internal dissension. There was agreement, all but universal, as to the justice and necessity of British intervention. It is true that the nation did not realize until much later what sacrifices and changes would be required in order to carry out so tremendous an undertaking. It was not occupied at first in considering the means to the end so much as the end itself, and the monstrous nature of the evil with which it found itself confronted. Opinion throughout the United Kingdom and the British Empire was not less unanimous for going to war than it was up to the very last in praying for peace. Never in history did any people take up arms with greater reluctance, nor with a firmer conviction that duty left no other course open to them. A challenge seemed to have been thrown down to freedom, justice and civilization. It was accepted without hesitation, with perfect confidence in the final result, but with feelings of the deepest horror. We read of acclamations and rejoicings in Germany; there were none in England, Scotland or Ireland,

or in any part of the British dominions.

All the facts which were known at the time supported the national resolve, while others which occurred or came to light later only served to confirm it. The manner in which war was forced upon Serbia, and afterwards upon Belgium; the brutalities of the successful invaders; the frank disclosure by official Germany of its aims of conquest and annexation, of its hatred, hitherto dissembled and disavowed, against ourselves, and of its determination to bring about our destruction—all these seemed to prove conclusively the truth of the popular idea that the Spirit of Evil had broken loose, choosing its own time, armed to the teeth, and with all its preparations perfected for a sudden and overwhelming onset. Moreover, the aggressor announced frankly that "Might was Right," and made it evident that he was determined to put his foot once and for all upon the liberties of Europe. This is a simple and true statement of the issues as they appeared to our people at the beginning; and after two years and a half of war nothing has happened in any way to change our beliefs.

In July 1914 Germany had many friends in this country, whose patriotism is as unimpeachable as their judgment was at fault. They had endeavored—with considerable success so far as our own nation was concerned—to promote amicable feelings between the two countries. Such people were now no less determined upon war than those who for years past had been engaged in proclaiming to deaf ears their distrust of German policy. Indeed the friends of Germany were perhaps more strongly moved by indignation than any other section of British opinion. The consciousness of betrayal sharpened their anger. Germany had suddenly destroyed their

beautiful vision. They had come to believe that law, justice and arbitration were the accepted means of settling differences between great civilized Powers; but here was one of them—whose claims to be in the forefront of civilization they had warmly championed—now asserting bluntly that "Might was Right." It seemed as if the world on a sudden had plunged back into the abyss; and they saw that the only hope of realizing any part of their ideal of universal peace lay in the overthrow of the powers of evil which had vowed its destruction.

One thing which made for unity at the beginning was the fact that there was no War Party. So long as the issue remained in doubt, no one uttered a provocative phrase, no one clamored for war. There were few who did not pray earnestly that Sir Edward Grey's efforts to bring about a peaceful settlement might succeed. This crisis was unlike every other in our modern history; there were no cheering mobs, no ringing of joybells when war was declared. The "triumphing" of a War Party has been one of the commonest causes of national disunion, by setting up a reaction and calling a Peace Party into existence. The country was spared this evil in August 1914. Whatever criticisms in other regards may be urged against Viscount Gray's conduct of affairs, he deserves the highest credit for having contributed, probably more than any man, to this result.

The state of mind in which war surprised us contained possibilities of danger. We are as warmly attached to our country and as susceptible to noble impulses as any nation, but we suffered under one signal disadvantage; we were unprepared for war, quite as much in our mental attitude as in our material provisions. During three generations or more, public opinion had been gradually taught to regard a death-struggle between ourselves and

any of the great military nations as unthinkable. The doctrines of Cobden and his Manchester School, in so far as they applied to the relations of capital and labor, had long ago fallen into discredit. In recent times they had also been challenged in regard to fiscal matters. But they still maintained their hold upon the popular imagination in the sphere of foreign policy. We were still assured that the less we let our thoughts dwell upon the prospect of war the less likely was that evil to occur. Consequently, when war came, the nation, which had been taught to banish the idea of such a catastrophe from its mind, was obliged to go through a long and painful struggle before it succeeded in uprooting its disbelief, adjusting its vision, and realizing the full import of the event.

With France and Germany it was very different. In neither country was public opinion taken by surprise. In the one case national sentiment was supreme and independent; in the other it was receptive and wholly obedient to an autoocracy; in both unity was secure. But our own education did not begin until war was declared; and in such circumstances it is hard to arrive at unity without leadership of a very superior order. The natural leaders were the Government, for they knew more of the facts than the nation did, and they knew them earlier. Their example would be watched and followed, their decisions would be accepted, their spirit would be reflected in the public mood. They would set the tone, whether it were patience or effort, fatalism or self-reliance, swift resolution or cautious delay.

During the second period events followed one another in a swift and bewildering succession. The armies of the Kaiser won great battles during the autumn of 1914, but they failed

to win the war in a single campaign—which was the great objective at which German policy had confidently aimed. By Christmas they were firmly held by the French and British; they were foiled in their thrust at Warsaw; while their Austrian allies were disheartened by a succession of crushing disasters. It was clear that the original German war plan had miscarried, but it was too readily assumed that the supposed rigidity of the Teutonic mind would fail in all attempts to make another. This absurd fallacy was responsible for extravagant hopes and grievous miscalculations.

Lord Kitchener predicted a long war; but in political circles only a very few people appeared to believe in his prophecy. Still fewer acted as men would who realized what a long-drawn struggle must inevitably entail in sacrifice of life and treasure, theories and habits. The only hope of a short war lay in preparing for a long one. There was but one way in which the nation could be organized so that recruiting should not interfere with the output of munitions, and that the minimum of injury should be inflicted upon those staple wealth-providing industries of the country which formed the basis of our financial strength. That one way was rejected, by some from timidity, by others with contempt, as too utopian for consideration.

When the leaders are unable or unwilling to see, the people may be forgiven for coming to wrong conclusions. At Christmas 1914 the general belief was that peace would be signed within a year from the outbreak of hostilities. What sense, therefore, could there be in looking two years or even twelve months ahead, in training vast armies, in accumulating gigantic stores of material, in pinching and paring and putting everybody to inconvenience, in endangering the popularity of politicians and disturbing

the fabric of the party system? How angry the people would be, and what fools the great men would look, if the war ended in six months' time and they were left with two years' supplies in hand or on order!

The anger of the people would have been less fierce against extravagance than it was against default. Ministers would not have looked greater fools if the war had ended suddenly, leaving them with a burden of unsalable provisions and embarrassing contracts, than they did when it continued and found them short both of material and men. Various explanations have been put forward in their behalf; as, for instance, that manufacturers failed to keep their contracts. But this is not a valid excuse, for British contractors were bound to get into difficulties if they lacked the support of national organization. Men who were essential to the installation of new plant and to the production of munitions were swept by thousands into the ranks of the New Army under the unregulated pressure of the voluntary system. The War Office would not give them up, because it was short of recruits, while the factories and workshops were starved owing to the want of artificers.

In these as in other matters the Government showed a want both of foresight and resolution. Throughout this second period it continued to act as if the war could not last another six months, as if it must certainly be over before this or that proposed reform could possibly yield results. Ministers appeared to credit the news which they permitted to appear in the newspapers. They bowed down in superstitious reverence before the censorship, accepting its optimistic confessions as if they were oracles, forgetful apparently of the fact that the censorship was their own creation, and that the distinguishing characteristic

of a censor's office can never be a true sense of proportion.

It is one of the first duties of a War Government to use its imagination, to think ahead and then state clearly what is needed in order to secure victory. The nation was ready to grant everything that was asked. It expected orders, and was prepared to obey them. But, during this crucial period of preparation, the Government seemed to be in a state of bewilderment, like a crew without a captain. It appeared lacking in energy and resolute purpose. It issued appeals but no orders, even with regard to military service; it gave no guidance, far less instructions, for the husbanding of national resources and the increase of food supplies. It misunderstood the temper of the nation and appeared more apprehensive of public disapprobation than of the enemy. The minds of Ministers, and of their satellites in Parliament and the Press, were distracted from the main problem of how to win the war, by their concern about a political situation, the danger of which was mainly imaginary, and, where not imaginary, was the direct product of their own hesitations.

The spring campaign of 1915 opened hopefully for the Allies; but before long the prospect was overclouded. The shortage of artillery ammunition became apparent, and led to considerable recrimination. Early in May the Russians, who had hitherto been progressing favorably in Galicia, were heavily defeated, and their great retreat began. A few days later the Liberal Government came to an end; and the Coalition was formed under the same Prime Minister.

During the preceding four months the temper of certain sections of the nation had been changing, by no means for the better. The real opposition was neither vocal nor organized. Indeed it was less an active opposition

than an inert obstacle to unity. It consisted of those who are accustomed to look at every event solely from the standpoint of their own immediate material interests, to whom "brass," whether in the form of profits or of wages, is the one solid fact in life, and who meet every crisis with the same question—Where do I come in? Such persons were in a small minority; but they were by no means negligible. Their mutual jealousies and suspicions, and their more or less passive resistance to the prevailing sentiment of union, produced the same results as grit in the bearings of a machine.

We may believe that by far the greater part of these acted as they did, and failed to act as they should have acted, for the simple reason that they had not yet realized what the war meant. The first glow of excitement had died away. The appeal which might have awakened their slumbering patriotism was not made. They were encouraged in selfish indifference by official news which, in recording events, paid too little heed to truthful perspective. Moreover, the most impassioned eloquence and the most candid record of occurrences would have failed to rouse this section thoroughly, unless they had been accompanied by some clear demonstration on the part of Government that it knew what was needed in order to win the war and was determined to do it. Not merely command but action was required; yet, up to the date of its reconstruction and for long afterwards, the Cabinet failed to accept this obvious necessity. It declined to govern.

In the early stages of the war, perception and therefore unity were undoubtedly more complete in France and Germany than among ourselves. Both countries appeared to understand at once that this struggle was not one where armies alone went to war, while the greater part of the

citizens were concerned merely with paying taxes. In this case whole nations went to war; national organization was pitted against national organization. To delay organizing, to clutch at compromise, or to imagine that half-measures would suffice, was to court defeat. Realizing these things, the peoples of France and Germany made easy the task of government. There was no holding back, no opposition; friction and confusion were reduced to a minimum. Down to Christmas 1914 we were inclined to say much the same of ourselves. Nor is it unreasonable to suppose that we might very speedily have become what we aspired to be, had our aspirations been taken at their flood-tide by those in authority. But this particular tide was missed, and several others besides, with the result that national unity fell insensibly into a decline.

The original German war-plan had miscarried, but Germany was not thereby reduced either to despair or impotence. On the contrary, during the winter of 1914-1915, while we were indulging ourselves in comfortable illusions, the Imperial General Staff at Berlin occupied itself in thinking out and preparing a new offensive. In May 1915 it proceeded to put its plan into execution with great energy and determination. The startling success of this effort obscured the unalterable consequences of the previous failure from the greater part of the world, possibly even from the Germans themselves. The Russians were driven out of Poland; Greece was kept out of the war, and Bulgaria was brought in; Serbia was crushed, and communications with Turkey established.

Our disillusionment as to the duration of the war began with the battle of the Dunajec (May 1915), and by the beginning of harvest-time it was complete. The truth of Lord Kitchen-

er's prediction was established. And yet the winter of 1915-1916 passed away, and the summer of 1916 was at hand, before the action of the Government even began to keep pace with the needs of the situation. By May 1916 a year had elapsed since the Coalition Government was formed. It was clear by this time that our enemy had been a great deal more successful in repairing the consequences of his early failures at the battles of the Marne and Ypres than we and our allies had been in profiting by it. We might feel a legitimate pride in the achievements of our Fleet, in the annihilation of German overseas trade, and in the defeat of the first and second submarine campaigns against Allied and Neutral shipping. Every German possession outside Europe, except a portion of a single colony, had been taken from her. The Russians had won brilliant victories in the Caucasus. But against these successes we had to set the French losses at Verdun and a series of British disasters on an ascending scale—at Antwerp, at Gallipoli, and in Mesopotamia. Nor was it possible in any one of these three instances to lay the blame upon ill luck. The only point in dispute was whether bad judgment in their conception or bad management in the carrying of them out had more to do with the lamentable result.

During the first twelve months of Coalition Government the spirit of union, which shone so steadily at the beginning, was blown to and fro, so that at times its flame seemed to be in danger of extinction. That the Cabinet and the Prime Minister desired union and sought to preserve it cannot be doubted. But the way to union, like the way to happiness, is not a direct pursuit; seeking you do not find, and fearing to lose you do not keep. Compromises, soft words, formulas which draw the teeth of dis-

agreement, eirenicons which compose for the moment the anger of opponents without satisfying the needs of policy, do not lead to the desired result but away from it. The tremulous cohesion of a vacillating Ministry is not the same thing as national unity.

The spectacle presented by the politicians and their adherents in the Press, more especially during the autumn of 1915 and the early spring of 1916, was not such as to give confidence to the nation. Their wrangles and intrigues, their hesitation to act, even when thousands of lives were hanging in the balance, lest as a result the Cabinet might break up, produced the impression that here was a body of men who could not see the wood for the trees, who could not rid their minds of the minor tactics of politics and fix them firmly on the grand strategy of war. The nation had already realized, though the Government apparently had not, that the strength of the enemy lay in a system of great thoroughness, and that he could only be beaten by another system of even greater thoroughness. It became impatient to see some signs of a beginning. It saw none in the political sphere, but only disorder, which seemed to increase rather than diminish as time went on. A thorough system cannot be called out of chaos by the most adroit appeasement of personal differences among Ministers or by the most impressive rhetoric, but only by action and the exercise of authority. As the Government shrank from giving orders, people, with good reason, came to suspect that they were not being governed; and thereupon, realizing that a policy was the prime essential, they began themselves to seek for it, and for more than a year engaged in arguing one with another as to what should be done.

The Coalition was originally composed of two political parties which

distrusted one another; and this fact made for delay and hesitation. But, beyond this, the war created a new division, which cut clean across both these parties and caused a second cleavage without welding the first. Two spirits were in conflict and struggled for mastery. One of these was obsessed by the belief that ultimate victory was inevitable, and that serene endurance was the greatest of public virtues. The other was dominated by the contrary conviction, that victory was not inevitable, that defeat was not impossible, and that the only hope of winning an honorable and lasting peace lay in prompt decisions, stupendous sacrifices, and unparalleled efforts. Men of this spirit cried, "Awake, arise! put forth your whole strength or the war will be lost." But the others replied, "Keep calm and everything will come right. Changes which are excellent in theory and might possibly be useful in practice ought not to be entertained if they are likely to arouse opposition in any quarter. The parliamentary and political situation at home is as important as the military situation abroad. The national interest will be best served in the long run by preventing disagreement and by following the line of least resistance." In its anxiety not to overstep the limits of a prudent responsibility, in its desire to avoid controversy and to wait for a clear mandate from public opinion, the party of serene endurance, which kept the upper hand until May, 1916, invited and incurred a more dangerous dissension.

Those who championed this opinion assumed the fair-sounding title of "optimists," plumed themselves upon the imperturbable calmness of their confidence, and condemned in advance every fresh proposal for increasing the national effort. They consistently underrated the courage and resources

of the enemy, and occupied themselves overmuch in recital of his misdeeds, and with visions and forecasts of an impending retribution. Every warning and every appeal—whether as regards shortage of munitions, need of men, lack of organization, or bad husbandry of the estate—were denounced in turn by the "optimists" as symptoms of hysteria, cowardice, or intrigue. But in every instance they were proved wrong by events. They uttered soothing prophecies as to the course of the war, and gloomy warnings of the riots, revolution and wreckage which would occur if the nation were required to make a supreme effort. But none of their predictions of either sort ever came true.

The latter half of April 1916 was an eventful fortnight. A rebellion broke out in Ireland, attended with great loss of life and destruction of property in Dublin. Lowestoft was bombarded by the German Battle Cruiser Squadron; the East Coast was twice raided by Zeppelins; our positions in France were attacked with fury and not altogether without success. After a siege of five months Kut fell, and close on 10,000 British troops were forced to surrender. In addition there was a Cabinet crisis of exceptional severity.

It was clear by this time to everyone except the Government and a few fanatics that, whatever might be the demerits of "Conscription," it was a method which could not be applied by halves. Parliament met in secret session; and this meeting was followed by the usual official proposals for a compromise which, however, the House of Commons peremptorily refused to entertain. In the first week of May a new Military Service Bill was brought in, extending the principles of compulsion to married men. Upon the introduction of this measure the Government immediately gained

strength. Its action was taken as proof that the party of unresting effort had at last got the upper hand in the Cabinet, and that the spirit of serene endurance would no longer be able to trammel action. The nation was aware that the War Office and the Military Commands in France had been reorganized; and, although it knew nothing of the details, it was prepared to place absolute confidence in Sir William Robertson and Sir Douglas Haig. There was a general belief that henceforth the soldiers would be better supported than in the past, that they would be less subjected to political interference, and that these conditions would make for success. There was also a feeling that the Government had at last learned two lessons of the highest importance—the first, that action and not deliberation is the main thing that matters in war; the second, that the nation was prepared to make any sacrifices which might be deemed necessary to secure victory.

For the next six months—that is, until the end of October 1916—the Cabinet did not meet with much serious opposition, when once it had weathered the gale of the abortive Irish negotiations. The Government (it was asserted) was the only possible Government; it had undergone a change of heart and purpose; and it was the duty of every man to support it. The Prime Minister was held in personal regard even by those who had criticised his former course of action most adversely. By temperament he was obviously ill suited to the particular emergency; but in intellect he was superior to most of his contemporaries. It was assumed that he must have learned from experience and adversity. Moreover, he was a loyal colleague, who always manfully shouldered his own mistakes and, upon occasions, those of other people.

He shunned tawdry self-advertisement, and, although he had been blamed for not putting down his foot upon the intrigues of his personal adherents in the Cabinet, no one had ever charged him with practising the same arts. He had borne with dignity and steadfastness the heaviest load of public care and private sorrow. For these reasons his own position and that of the Government over which he presided were to all appearance stronger in the early autumn of 1916 than at any time since the first battle of Ypres. In the last week of October the Coalition seemed indissoluble; nevertheless in the first week of December it was dissolved.

We should look in vain for a full explanation of this catastrophe in the military events which occurred between the introduction of the Compulsion Bill and the fall of Bucharest. These events were of a chequered character. During May 1916 there was no sign of a clearing sky. The Austrians launched a great offensive and the Italians were driven back with heavy losses of men and guns. At Verdun the Germans put forth redoubled efforts, which met with a considerable measure of success. On the last day of the month a naval action was fought off Jutland which was announced in London on the Friday as if it had been a defeat, and on the Sunday was claimed as a victory. But the North Sea battle was the turning point, and, until well on in the autumn, the fortune of war was wholly with the Allies. The Allied offensive was fairly well timed. The Russians led off in the first week of June, the Italians in the last, while the Franco-British efforts began on July 1. All were successful. The lines of the Central Powers groaned and gave way, east, west and south, although they were nowhere actually pierced or broken. The German

assault upon Verdun was abandoned, just when it seemed on the point of succeeding. A Turkish attack upon Egypt failed. A force from Salonica recovered Monastir. Moreover, at the end of August, Rumania entered the war, and at first won striking successes. This seemed at least some set-off against the failure of our diplomacy in Greece. On the other hand, the new submarine campaign began to inflict losses which were seriously felt and gave cause for anxiety; and early in November the position of Rumania, enveloped north and south by the Germans and their allies, was becoming critical.

Such an alternation of success and failure will not account for the fall of a Government which had gone through heavier trials. Although the most recent of the events just narrated had not a little to do with the dissolution of the Cabinet, the main cause was internal rather than external. The supposed change of heart and purpose was to a large extent illusory; not owing to insincerity on the part of Ministers, but from the inability of a number of very able deliberators to convert themselves into men of action.

While the "combined offensive" continued in full swing, people occupied their minds mainly with the achievements of the different armies, and the voice of political criticism was hushed. But so soon as military operations began to slacken with the approach of winter, public attention in every Allied country turned with startling suddenness and vehemence to appraise their various governments, and to consider which statesmen were worthy of confidence and which deserved release. As regards the past, had everything been done that was possible to secure an early victory? As regards the present, were affairs upon a satisfactory footing? As regards the

future, were preparations for the next campaign being pushed forward with the utmost vigor and promptitude, and with a true appreciation of the value of time? Above all, were the civil authorities moved by the right spirit, or was action still paralyzed by deliberation, and effort hampered by serene endurance? In none of the Allied countries was there a more drastic revaluation of political assets than in our own.

The contumacy of Greece contained possibilities of serious danger. The perilous situation of Rumania was not merely a military disaster, but a wound to the national honor. The ravages of submarine piracy during August, September and October gave food for grave reflection. Our pride was offended by two German destroyer raids in the Channel; nor was our irritation allayed by the character of the Admiralty counterclaim. All these matters came under consideration; but public attention tended to fix itself less upon the mistakes and omissions of the past than upon preparations for the future, and the spirit in which these were being carried out.

Various matters pressed urgently for settlement and decision. The success of next year's campaign depended, among other things, upon man-power. How were the additional recruits to be obtained? The Navy and the Army were competing against one another for aircraft, and the Air Board appeared unable to compose their differences. Some form of Admiralty reorganization had been freely talked of and seemed somewhat overdue. The arming of merchantmen against submarine attack, and the building of new vessels to make good recent losses, were matters which demanded immediate attention. Increase of the home production of food had been earnestly recommended by a government committee so long ago as

Midsummer, 1915, but its report had apparently been pigeon-holed and forgotten. If rising prices drew attention to this glaring neglect, they also pointed to the need for immediate steps to regulate existing supplies and for the prevention of waste. But beyond expending a vast deal of money, paste, printer's ink, paper (which was at famine prices) and labor (which was growing every day more scarce) upon plastering the country with extravagant advertisements which advocated thrift, no steps were taken to enforce economy upon the nation. The question of pensions was in a most unsatisfactory position; and, in the absence of a clearly defined policy, discontent was rife. It had long been recognized that an overgrown Cabinet of twenty-three was an ineffective instrument for waging war; but the War Council, which had now been in existence for a year, had not provided the remedy which was so much needed.

Weeks went by without any appearance of a solution of these problems. A "food dictator" was promised, but he was never appointed. Public opinion developed very rapidly from acute dissatisfaction with the methods of government to a state of mind which approached desperation, when day after day politicians and pressmen of all parties kept repeating that no other Government was possible. This was the situation of affairs in the last days of November, 1916.

The leadership of the British Government was marred not so much by a bad tradition as by an unsuitable one. There are two ways of overcoming difficulties—the offensive and the defensive. A Minister may wait for troubles to arise and deal with them when they occur; or he may go out to meet them and prevent them ever gathering to a head. Under the working of our party system in peace time,

statesmen have been used for so long to pursue the former method that it has come to be accepted as the right one for every emergency. But in a state of war it was clearly the wrong way; and this fact had at last been fully realized by the nation. The plan of waiting for public opinion to give a lead to Government had produced not only delays but disasters.

The expert is often the last person to perceive that some new discovery or mode has put his special expertise in limbo. Statesmen, who had reached the highest places and had there maintained themselves by their proficiency in a certain method, were not likely to realize its unsuitability for a novel situation so early as other people. The country suspected what was wrong much sooner than the Cabinet did, and arrived at certainty while Ministers were still puzzled to explain to themselves the reasons for their unpopularity and non-success.

Things had been worse during the first year of Coalition Government, but even now—in the autumn of 1916—the United Kingdom did not present such a pattern of unity as could have been desired. There was considerable opposition, no little holding back, and great confusion. There was friction between different industries, and even between Government Departments. There were quarrels between capital and labor, employers and employed. Agitators and "profiteers" vied with one another as to who should work most mischief. There were strikes, malingering, hoarding of stocks, threats to stop vital supplies and services, waste, extravagance, oppression, breaches of agreement, defiance of the law. Rebellion was smoldering in Ireland. The mass of the people regarded these occurrences, so far as it was allowed to hear of them, with a mixture of vexation, disgust and horror. In no part of the

community did they excite greater anger and impatience than among the working class, whose sacrifices for the prosecution of the war, if fairly measured, were as great as those offered by any other section—in some respects, indeed, much greater.

The policy of waiting for the tide and missing it when it came had been pursued with pathetic constancy. The Government was taunted with opportunism; but the true charge was that it missed its greatest opportunities, that it hesitated and delayed and so let them slip by unobserved, one after another. As a result, those sections which had never been more than lukewarm about the war were filled with discouragement; while those which, unconsciously or in the secrecy of their hearts, had been opposed to it, began to trim, to plead for free discussion, and for the production of terms of peace which they fondly imagined might combine "the crushing of Prussian militarism" with proposals acceptable to a victorious Germany. Finally, those sections which from the beginning had been against the war became vocal, ranged the country with great activity, and spread their doctrines without let or hindrance from platforms and in the correspondence columns of newspapers which continued, though not always very convincingly, to protest their lack of sympathy with the propaganda. This party, which stood for surrender and the acceptance of German domination, professed to be gaining adherents every day. We could well believe it, for nothing makes so strongly for peace as a Government which does not understand how to wage war.

The will of the people was to end the war by winning it; and the Government had a free hand within the terms of the simple commission. The people did not ask to be consulted about methods; it was far too much con-

cerned about the final result. It was filled, not with approbation, but with anger, when it saw the Government waiting anxiously for mandates, and watching timidly the ebb and surge of newspaper agitations before it could make up its mind how to act with regard to this and that—with regard to recruiting, prevention of waste, regulation of industry, development of internal food supplies, restriction of imports, winding-up of enemy firms, enforcement of the blockade. According to the popular view it would have been wiser had the Navy been allowed to blockade Germany before the Germans were in a position to begin blockading us. By delaying to act until popular pressure became irresistible the most favorable opportunities had often been missed, in other cases as in this.

A member of the Cabinet admitted in a moment of candor that its motto had been "too late"; and what the Government has itself acknowledged there can be no treason in deplored. The vast cost of being too late—the cost in life, suffering, treasure and prestige, in prolongation of the war, and even in security—had become so obvious that the nation refused to listen any longer to the official apologist when he explained that all the delays were inspired by the highest wisdom, and that under no other leadership could we have preserved our national unity. The wisdom of the serpent, however, was less in evidence than the sinuosities of its course.

The nation was in a mood of intense seriousness, willing to obey authority and to listen to reason, even when, as in the case of the Trades Unions, reason was opposed to some of its most cherished traditions. On no single occasion did Ministers ever demand a sacrifice or issue a firm order without finding themselves stronger

as the result. They acted in this way too seldom. They were praised by their own press for the skill, patience and good temper with which they slowly circumvented obstacles, out-maneuvred opposition in the Cabinet and the House of Commons, devised formulas which violated no man's prejudices, skilfully provoked timely outbursts of popular impatience, and in the end overcame their immediate difficulties with the aid of external pressure. But "in the end" was often "too late." And what is more, many of these difficulties would never have arisen if the Government had made up its mind and taken a bold line in the first instance, instead of waiting for public opinion to crystallize and insist. Throughout the whole of 1915 and 1916 these evils continued in a more or less acute form, hindering by so much the realization of complete national unity. The nation during this period was like an engine registered at a hundred horse-power, which is handled so unskillfully that it generates no more than half the force of which it is capable. And in order to bring the war to a victorious conclusion it was necessary in some way or other to make it yield even more than its nominal capacity.

The people as a whole had gradually become aware that something was wrong; but, although the popular power is a tremendous force, it is limited by its nature. The people cannot perform executive functions, cannot issue definite orders, cannot govern. It is not clothed with personal authority. When its instincts are vigilant, as in this case, it can judge whether things are going well or ill; but, although it can diagnose, it cannot prescribe. Moreover, at this juncture—the gravity of which it fully realized—it was more restrained than usual in declaring its

mind; and, out of patriotism, it subjected itself to a rigorous control. Its silent disapprobation was either misunderstood by the Government, or held to be of less importance than the noisy clamor of an inconsiderable minority.

In ordinary times there is no influence which Governments are more anxious to conciliate or readier to respect than the will of the people; for Ministers live in dread of elections, fearing the victory of their opponents. But in our recent situation elections did not count, for the reason that there was no organized opposition through which popular feeling could express itself. The Government regarded itself as "indispensable," proclaimed a general election to be "unthinkable," and changed the constitution in order that it might remain irremovable. And yet the Government fell, and it fell for the simple reason that the people did not trust it.

The Coalition disappeared on Tuesday, Dec. 5, only a few hours before Bucharest surrendered to an Austro-German army. The King immediately sent for Mr. Bonar Law, who, on the following day, intimated his inability to form an Administration. Thereupon Mr. Lloyd George was invited to undertake this task; and by Thursday evening it seemed likely that, having secured the assistance of the Unionist and Labor parties, he would succeed. On Monday, Dec. 11, the composition of the new Government was announced in the morning papers; and two days later it was made clear at a meeting of the Liberal parliamentary party that for the present, at any rate, Mr. Lloyd George's Administration would not be challenged either in the country or the House of Commons, but on the contrary would be given a fair trial.

For a year at least many of the

most eminent members of the late Administration and their admirers had made no secret of their belief that the country would be shocked and depressed, that the enemy would rejoice, and that the confidences of our Allies, of friendly Neutrals and of financial interests throughout the world, would be shaken to their foundations if the Coalition fell. The country, far from being shocked and depressed, was manifestly relieved and elated. The comments of the enemy press seemed to indicate anger rather than jubilation. Our Allies, while expressing respect for the outgoing Cabinet and gratitude for its great services, accepted the change with satisfaction as evidence of our determination to wage war with greater energy than before. Among friendly Neutrals there were no signs of condemnation, but rather a disposition to wonder why we had not made the change long ago. Still, up to the last moment, the conviction seemed to linger in official Liberal circles that the resignation of Mr. Asquith and his chief adherents would cause despondency in the City and a panic on all the Allied and friendly Bourses. There was no despondency and no panic. The "Funds" rose somewhat on the news.

There remains the further question why the Coalition collapsed. It has been freely alleged that this occurrence was due to two causes—press criticism and intrigues. In Mr. Asquith's speech at the Reform Club, he attributed his fall to "a well organized and carefully engineered conspiracy"; but, as he went on to say that he did not believe it to have been "countenanced in any quarter of the Liberal Party," it would appear that he exonerated Mr. Lloyd George. Nothing has emerged to point to the guilt of his Unionist colleagues, or of the Irish or Labor parties. Who, then, were the

organizers, engineers and conspirators?

It is a well-known fact that, when a man is over-wrought, he is apt to entertain the most groundless suspicions of his fellow-creatures. This, in fact, is one of the commonest symptoms of hallucination, a condition to which nations and parties are no less liable than individuals. Moreover, the terms "intrigue" and "conspiracy" are far too commonly bandied about by politicians for any one to take them very seriously. It is, of course, obvious that there were a very large number of people, including Mr. Lloyd George, who did not agree with the view that the fall of Mr. Asquith's Government would be a national misfortune. Many of these, believing that it was managing the war badly, were anxious to turn it out. It is tolerably certain that, at the end of November, the greater part of the country held those views; and it is not unlikely that a majority in both Houses of Parliament was of the same mind. But action which proceeds from such opinions, whether erroneous or not, does not necessarily fall into the category of intrigue and conspiracy.

The historian will probably attach much less importance to the efforts of newspapers in bringing about the fall of the Coalition than the newspapers themselves are inclined to claim or to attribute to one another. We are apt to forget that, in 1906, the greater part of the press—greater in influence as well as circulation—supported the Unionist party, which, nevertheless, was beaten as none has ever been within recent memory. On the present occasion we saw the same phenomenon. The greater part of the press assured us that there was no alternative to the Coalition, and yet the Coalition not only fell but was promptly replaced. The power of journalism is very great for certain purposes; but it can do little or

nothing to change Governments unless it has public opinion behind it. Moreover, it "makes," much less than it is "made by," public opinion.

A comparatively small part of the press had criticised and at times attacked the Liberal and Coalition Governments ever since April 1915. They made but little way until, towards the end of November, their animadversions found a resonant echo in the leading Liberal journals. If, therefore, journalism is to have the credit or discredit of Mr. Asquith's resignation, we must not award the whole praise or blame to the "Northcliffe Press" or the "Morning Post," but allow an important share to the warnings of the "Westminster Gazette," the vigorous admonitions of the "Daily Chronicle" and the "Manchester Guardian," and the loud lamentations of the "Nation."

In short, if we desire to form a true judgment of the reasons which led to the fall of the Coalition, we must set aside those hasty and fanciful theories of press campaigns and personal intrigues. Rightly or wrongly, the great mass of the people had come to the conclusion that the Government, by its delays and compromises, was in a fair way to lose the war. The newspapers merely echoed what was already in men's minds. The intriguers, if they existed, were not principals but only instruments. The same popular instinct, which, in autoocratic Prussia, had insisted a few months earlier upon displacing Falkenhayn and putting Hindenburg at the head of affairs, now, in democratic England, insisted upon displacing Mr. Asquith and Viscount Grey and making Mr. Lloyd George Prime Minister.

The party of unresting effort has won. It has had a free hand and a fair start. There is a "dæmonic element" in Downing Street. What it will make of things remains to be seen.

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It succeeds to an inheritance which is admittedly in a state of great confusion and considerable embarrassment; but, under able management, there should be a large balance of assets over liabilities.

In Mr. Asquith's first speech in the House of Commons after the change of government he seemed to look forward hopefully to the reinstatement of the party system after the war. It is interesting to speculate upon the future; but it is hard to believe that, when peace is signed, the two historical party organizations will take down their shutters, polish up their brass plates, and issue their customary trade circulars announcing a resumption of business on the old lines and under the familiar trade names. For there will be a war after the war—a war of no brief duration—a war not so much against foreign nations as against the defects which recent events have disclosed in our own methods of government, trade, and social organization.

It is certainly probable, that, during this period of reconstruction, some sort of party system will revive, and that there will be two clearly marked political divisions. But it is more likely that these will be the same two which have lately been struggling for mastery with regard to the conduct of the war, than that we shall return to the Unionists and Liberals of pre-war days. There will be the party of unresting effort—the people who want to get things done, and to improve the national and imperial organization beyond any standard which has hitherto been dreamed of. Probably at first this party will have public opinion behind it. But there will also be a Liberal-Conservative residuum—sceptical, patient, skilled in all the exhaustive devices of democratic statescraft, master of one great party organization, and possibly of both,

vigilant in taking advantage of every blunder which enthusiasm may make, and in turning every current of discontent in its own favor. The party which is prepared to wait-and-see may not be in good odor when peace is declared; but it may nevertheless succeed in returning to power long before we have set our house in order.

The political event which occurred a few weeks ago was something more than the fall of a Government. It was, in fact, the collapse of a school of thought, whose most renowned teachers were, on the practical side, Richard Cobden, and, on the theoretic, John Stuart Mill. Their system had gradually permeated both political parties to a greater or less degree. It had had its ups and downs since 1850 or thereabouts, but until lately had generally been regarded as a solvent and prosperous concern. As in the case of other great bankruptcies, however, disturbing rumors had been current for some years before the crash actually came. The war shook the whole fabric to its foundations, and on Dec. 6, 1916, it filed its petition and admitted failure. The causes of the disaster make the same tale to which the ears of the Official Receiver are so well accustomed. The debtor had not taken account of new developments, had not been able to foresee the course of trade, and had refused to listen to those who did. He would not prepare against bad times, and, when the bad times came, he was so much wedded to the old routine that he could not change his methods—by which means alone he could have hoped to weather the storm. The fall of the Coalition was not the bankruptcy of a statesman, or of a government, or of a party, but that of a gigantic system of make-believe which, although it excelled in theory and argument, had long ceased to observe the facts of national life.

The evolution of the modern state

has produced such an elaborate organism that it is no longer safe (if it ever was so) to leave each section free to seek its own interests in its own way. The worst of our social evils are due to individualism run riot, and many of the defects of our political structure are due to the same cause. "The various tribes of Britons," wrote Gibbon of our rude ancestors who fled or fell before the Roman legions, "possessed valor without conduct, and the love of freedom without the spirit of union. They took up arms with a savage fierceness; they laid them down, or turned them against each other, with wild inconstancy; and, while they fought singly, they were successively subdued." In early days the sea, in later times sea-power, were relied on as barriers, behind which the spirit of disunion might with impunity be permitted to rage at will. But, if the present war has taught us anything, it is that no barriers, natural or artificial, can protect a nation which is not welded into union.

Events which have happened recently in Ireland, in South Wales, and on the Clyde—to mention only the most notorious—have shown us that, even at the crisis of our fate, we were not able altogether to overcome our ancient weakness. For this we may blame our geographical situation, our history, our policy deliberately pursued over a long period of years, and our Government, which, when war came, failed to rise to the height of its opportunity. It is impossible as yet to apportion the responsibility fairly among these various factors. But, if we endeavor to judge the problem without prejudice, we shall be forced to admit that we should have waged war with much greater energy and success had we been more firmly united as a nation and as an empire. And further, if we are capable of learning wisdom from

adversity, we must understand that after the war national existence will depend on national unity.

It would be folly to imagine that even in the most perfect unity there will be no differences of opinion upon policy and administration, no vigorous antagonisms of persons and principles, no divergences of interest between classes, and no political

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parties—for this would mean stagnation, and stagnation is not unity. It is possible, however, to conceive a State in which public opinion will pass prompt and final judgment upon all proposals, according as they seem to promote or endanger the well-being and security of the nation. This is the standard now; why should it ever change?

SWITZERLAND AND THE WAR.

Whatever we belligerents may think of neutrals—and there is no love lost on the part of any belligerent for any neutral in this war—it must be admitted that as lookers-on the neutrals see most of the game. For one thing, they either have no censorship, or, at any rate, no censorship of news. Again and again news has been published in Holland and America which the English Press has been forbidden to print. In the second place, they can send their diplomats and correspondents to the capitals and camps of both the contending groups. In this way they are enabled to hear both sides to a degree not possible for us. What their verdict has been we know fairly well in the case of America, because so much American press comment is telegraphed daily to the English papers by the agencies and correspondents out there. The attitude of other neutral countries is less well-known in England, though it is not less interesting, and in the future may prove to be not less important. It is proposed, in the following pages, to give some account of the attitude of Switzerland. Of all the neutral States, not excepting America, Switzerland is the most vitally interested in the war, owing to her geographical position. She is more interested even than Holland; for, whereas Germany has little to gain now from a

violation of Dutch territory, it is easy to imagine circumstances under which either Germany or the Allies might reap considerable military advantages from a violation of Swiss soil. It is this consideration which has induced the most peace-loving country in Europe to retain its army on a war footing since the beginning of the war. Switzerland is, moreover, exceptionally placed for obtaining information from two of the chief belligerents. Two-thirds of the Swiss people are German-speaking with close ties, both cultural and commercial, with Germany. One-third of the Swiss people is French-speaking, and has similar ties with France. French newspapers and books are widely read in French Switzerland, and German newspapers and books are widely read in German Switzerland. No other neutral country has such natural facilities for hearing the truth from both sides, and forming an impartial opinion.

At the outset of the war the Swiss, like other neutrals, were dazzled by the rapidity and brilliance of the German advance in France. In England we have never appreciated the impression which these initial successes of the Germans made on the rest of Europe. The German *communiqués* did not appear at this time in our Press. Neither the French defeat at Longwy in the West nor the

Battle of Tannenberg in the East were reported in the English newspapers at all. Nobody quite knew why the French had retired, and few appreciated what that retirement meant. The Swiss General Staff were better informed. Like other General Staffs, they had sat at the feet of the Germans. It was true of recent years voices had been raised in certain military circles in disparagement of the German machine. There was a school in France, of which General Bonnal was the leader, who called in question the first principles of the Moltke tradition. Great play was made by these critics with the "strategic reserve." The "strategic reserve" was said to be the foundation of all the Napoleonic successes. With proper handling, it was suggested, it might turn the tables on the German "concentric attack." In England, just before the war, Colonel Repington wrote a series of articles in the *Times*, which were afterwards reprinted, and sold widely, in which he argued that the German Army, though still formidable, was a much overrated machine, the higher leadership was too old, and the individual officer and man quite unfitted to deal with situations requiring ingenuity and improvisation. All this current of criticism (though it never received official backing) was not without its effect on the small nations. And now, in a few short weeks, the German machine had given a sudden and dramatic demonstration of its efficiency, and the one small nation which had definitely thrown in its lot on the Anglo-French side had been overrun and crushed beneath the feet of the invader. True, the invader had eventually been arrested and thrown back; but he remained in possession of Belgium and the industrial provinces of France. The glitter of his initial successes was barely dimmed.

The Swiss Army had been mobilized at the first sign of war in accordance with plans long since prepared in view of this eventuality. The Swiss towns and villages were filled day after day with burgher soldiers in uniform, a spectacle hitherto reserved for Sundays and the annual manoeuvres. The hotels and cafés were crowded with young officers clicking their heels and (it must be confessed) somewhat playing the Prussian Lieutenant. In the street outside their grooms walked their horses up and down. Each time an officer passed they sprang to the salute. All these sights were strange and unaccustomed indeed in the eyes of the plain Swiss burgher, and very much at variance with all his traditional principles; but for the first few months it is probable he rather liked them. As democrats love a lord, so do pacifists have a secret hankering for the pomp and circumstance of war. At any rate, whatever might be thought of general propositions like that, there could be no doubt in the mind of each individual parent that his Kurt, or Karl, or Heinrich, as the case might be, certainly made a very *schneidig* officer.

The General Staff, having successfully carried out the mobilization, began to play a somewhat conspicuous rôle. They were in a position not dissimilar to that of our own General Staff at the outbreak of war. For the first time in all their history they were able to carry out in practice what they had long studied in theory. Reforms, which had long been delayed for want of funds, stood a good chance of being carried out. Cadres, which had long been defective, could now be filled up. Above all, they now had an army in being, and an army of very considerable strength, with which to test theories of transport and concentration, which can never be satisfactorily tested with skeleton units.

And all the while there was being unrolled before their eyes, on the other side of their own border, a picture of war as it actually is, on the grandest scale hitherto known. They, naturally, threw themselves into the study of it with avidity, and no pains or expense was spared in staffing and equipping the Intelligence Department, to which this task was assigned.

The Intelligence Department was organized in two main sections, one of which dealt with the Western and the other with the Eastern front. Each section was controlled by a Colonel: there is only one General in the Swiss Army, the Commander-in-Chief. The chief of the Western section was one Colonel Egli, and the chief of the Eastern section one Colonel von Wattenwyl. A part of their duties was the preparation of a daily confidential report of the war for the use of the General Staff and of certain high Federal officials. The confidential report, like other "confidential" documents in other countries, sometimes contained really confidential matter and sometimes did not. It was based on reports received from agents at the frontiers, and on "information received." In the course of preparing it the two Swiss staff officers received every assistance from the German, and Austro-Hungarian military attachés. Of these the former, Major von Bismarek, is a member of the family of the great Chancellor: the latter, Lieut.-Colonel von Einem, belongs to the Austrian branch of a well-known Prussian family: both are extremely able and, it may be added, agreeable officers. It was not long, therefore, before close personal relations were established between them and the Intelligence Department. The two Swiss colonels must often have discussed with the two attachés this or that phase of the operations, and what more natural than that in the course

of discussion both sides should pool the information at their disposal? *Donnant donnant.* You scratch my back and I'll scratch yours. It soon became the regular practice to communicate a copy of the confidential report to the two attachés. What else passed into their hands has never been satisfactorily established. A certain Dr. Langie, a Swiss citizen and the son of a Polish refugee, was employed by the Intelligence Department as a cypher expert. He was set to work on certain cypher telegrams, which were intercepted in transit from "officials abroad of foreign Powers," and in March, 1915, he discovered the cypher. Shortly afterwards he warned the military attachés of the Entente Powers by an anonymous letter that this cypher had been discovered, and apparently made other communications to friends of the Entente in French Switzerland. In this way the facts became known, and were published in the Press. They came as a cold douche to Swiss public opinion. Here were the fruits of playing with militarism! The country's neutrality compromised, her relations with the Entente Powers, from whom come half her foodstuffs, imperiled! It was too much! "We knew all along," so said the plain burgher, "what would come of the sentry-boxes, the heel-clickings, and the mad apotheosis of the General Staff."

There is in every country a body of citizens with a tendency to moderate views, with rather longer memories than their fellows and rather fewer illusions. They do not as a rule play an active part in politics, but potentially they are the dominant element in every State. The professional politician knows their power, and is afraid of it. They are the repository of the public conscience of their country. They reflect the national

strength and the national weakness as well: but for good or bad, they are the final court of appeal. In England they have sometimes been called the "silent voters." They are the force which turned out the Conservatives in 1905—to go no later in our political history. There is a similar body of "silent voters" in Swiss Federal politics; but there is this difference between the Swiss "silent voter" and the English, that whereas in England the fundamental political principle is the belief in liberty, in Switzerland it is the belief in peace. To the Swiss, war is an unmitigated evil and an unnecessary evil. They do not regard it, as most Englishmen do, as a means to an end, which as a last resort no country can afford to forego. The compensating features of war, the heroism of individuals, the unifying effect on the mass, make no appeal to them. Their past history, and indeed the mere fact of their continued existence in Europe as a State today, is sufficient proof that there is nothing of pusillanimity in this attitude. If their country were invaded, thousands of them would die in defense of it, but they would not gladly die; they would just give their lives as a disagreeable necessity that their country might live. Their countrymen would never forget them, but they would not surround their deeds with a halo of romantic adventure. Perhaps in the last analysis this unexalted, matter-of-fact patriotism is the most pure of all. At any rate, it is the most effective preservative against militarism. To keep his country out of war is to the Switzer an end in itself. "Peace with Honor" is a phrase without meaning to him; for he considers there is no war without dishonor.

Such is the public conscience of the Swiss, which was brought instantly and summarily to bear on the "Affair

of the Colonels." Efforts which the General Staff made to protect their men were swept aside. At the outset of the public agitation the General Staff had removed the two Colonels to other posts. They were now arrested, and tried before a civil court. The court acquitted them for technical reasons, but handed them over to the military authority "for disciplinary purposes." They were placed on the unemployed list,* and have retired into civil life. Shortly afterwards a Bill was introduced and passed the Federal Council in February of this year, rigidly curtailing the powers of the military authorities.

The prestige of the General Staff suffered a rebuff from which it has never wholly recovered. From that time onwards Swiss public opinion settled down to certain safe and perspicuous lines of policy, the single end and aim of which is the maintenance of neutrality up to the end of the war.

This consummation was reflected in the public Press. At the outset of the war the French-Swiss adopted a strongly pro-Ally attitude, and from this they have never varied. The keystone of this attitude is the natural sympathy which exists between the French-Swiss cantons and France. There are no such ties binding the French-Swiss to England, and some aspects of our naval policy have not always been understood in this coastless country. Colonel Secretan, in particular, the able Editor of the *Gazette de Lausanne*, has occasionally attacked our policy in his columns. Russia has never been popular in Switzerland; and Geneva is full of Russian (as it is of Indian and Egyptian) revolutionaries. But in the main the policy of the Entente has always met with understanding and support in French Switzerland. They have shared our indignation-fits, be-

lieved our *communiqués*, made the most of our successes and the least of our failures, and proclaimed steadily, as we do ourselves, the certainty of final victory for our side.

The record of the German-Swiss Press during the war has been very different. At the outset the leading journals took a line which could only be described as pro-German, both in their selection of news and in their editorial comment. The infinite number of small cantonal and communal journals which Switzerland supports, followed suit. It is, indeed, the custom for the small papers to reprint bodily articles and leaders from the large ones, and a striking pronouncement by the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* or the *Basler Nachrichten* will in this way have a much wider influence than the respective circulations of those papers would suggest. Simultaneously, the Germans began an elaborate and comprehensive campaign of propaganda in Switzerland. Pamphlets were distributed by the post and through the booksellers, films were shown at the cinemas, articles appeared in the newspapers, all to the glory of Germany and her invincible arms. This propaganda was a new thing, and it was not without its effect. There was a good deal of "back the winner" about the pro-German wave in German Switzerland at this time. And there was practically no counter-propaganda then on the part of the Allies. Into this atmosphere the Affair of the Colonels fell like a bombshell. The explosion of public feeling was unmistakable, and editors began to feel they had been walking on the edge of a pit. From that time on the tone of the leading German-Swiss papers has been quite different. In every editorial in a German-Swiss paper now the tone is: "Neutrality first and our sympathies, whatever they may be, second."

Some papers, notably the influential *Berner Tagblatt*, which is much read in Government circles, are less reserved than others in disclosing the direction to which their sympathies point. But the *Tagblatt* is offset by another Bernese paper, the *Tagwacht*, a Socialist journal much read by the working class, which makes it its special business to spy out and expose any instance of pro-German proclivities on the part of minor Government officials or of the Press. Other leading papers, like the *Basler Nachrichten*, of Basle, or the *National Zeitung*, of Lucerne, are very reserved in comment; and it may be added that all German-Swiss papers, without exception, now publish the *communiqués* of all belligerents with equal prominence.

One paper, the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, has made for itself a position which may be said to be quite unique in Switzerland, and even in Europe. It was before the war the leading Zurich journal, and was a good deal read in South Germany as a guide to Swiss thought and feeling. Like all German-Swiss papers, it frequently opened its columns to articles on social, technical, or diplomatic subjects by German experts and professors. Since the war it has maintained a neutrality of outlook, which is almost incredible in a quarter so vitally interested as is German Switzerland in the issues of the war. Its editorials read like the summing up of a judge. It makes a point of publishing both sides of every question. If Monday's issue has an article from a German source, this is stated at the head of the article; and Tuesday's issue will contain an article on the same subject from a French or English source. Its treatment of the Fryatt case was typical. The paper itself published no editorial comment on Captain Fryatt's execution. But it published an article by a

Swiss professor attacking the legal claims which the Germans put forward to justify their action. On the following day they published a defense of the German standpoint by another Swiss Professor of International Law. Later they published a very effective reply by the first professor, two other articles by two other neutral professors (one hesitating and one pro-Ally), an apologia from a German source, and a particularly telling reply from an English source. Then the correspondence ceased. Such cold impartiality as was displayed on this occasion is obviously not all that might be desired from the Allies' point of view; and it has brought down unlimited abuse on the head of the paper from German quarters. But the eagerness with which the German propaganda agents display to put their case in its columns is the clearest tribute to the influence which the paper has secured. There is no other neutral journal in any country which wields such influence, or maintains so undeviating an impartiality. It is well worth reading in England—if English people ever did read foreign papers!*

The divergence of sympathy between the French and German-speaking cantons, which the war has occasioned, has undoubtedly deepened the rift between the two. That was inevitable. As to the ultimate results of this tendency after the conclusion of peace, it would be rash to prophesy. But it is to be feared that the result up to the present has been a strengthening, rather than a weakening, of the prestige of the German-speaking element. In the minds of all Swiss (whether French or German-speaking)

the interests of Switzerland demand neutrality. That is a *point fixe* in any evaluation of the political situation. It seems to many Swiss to follow that the line taken by the French-Swiss Press and public is less well calculated to promote that end than the more cautious and balanced attitude of the German-Swiss Press. The German-Swiss Press can claim (and while the military situation remains as it is at present, it is difficult for the French-Swiss to refute their claim) that they have given proof of a wiser political sense than their compatriots. An Allied observer can only record such a judgment with regret; for it cannot be in the interest of the Allies that the influence of the French-Swiss element in Federal policy should be weakened. The subject is a delicate one, and, having said so much, it may be desirable to add a caution. The German-speaking element in Switzerland is not comparable to the German element in America. Still less is it comparable to the German element in Holland or in Antwerp before the war. The few Pan-German influences and tendencies which exist in Switzerland have never assumed a political color, and would immediately be swept out of existence if they did. A very mild indiscretion in this direction, in the lectures of a Germanophil professor at Berne a few years ago, produced a storm of indignation in the University, and, to some extent, outside of it; and the unfortunate professor was compelled hastily to eat his words. The Pan-Germans in Germany have occasionally written and spoken of "reclaiming the Rhætian branches of the Germanic Stock," but their utterances have never found an echo beyond the Upper Rhine. Swiss policy is, and will always remain, as clear as noon-day. It is a policy of economic peace with all their neighbors, and the maintenance of the

*The *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* should not be confounded with the *Neue Zürcher Nachrichten*, a much less notable organ. The latter is one of the few avowedly pro-German papers left in Switzerland. It is supposed to be in close relations with the well-known Reichstag Deputy, Herr Erzberger, who is largely responsible for the German propaganda in Switzerland.

political *status quo*. This policy tallies with the interests of France and, so far as England is concerned, of England; and it will be the fault of our diplomacy, and not of the Swiss, if the existing harmony should ever be broken. To entertain any serious apprehensions therefore as to the political future in Switzerland would be as absurd as it would be insulting.

It remains to say a word as to the scope and desirability of Allied propaganda in Switzerland. The effects of propaganda have been greatly exaggerated by persons whose knowledge of psychology does not extend beyond an advertisement hoarding. The German propaganda, which was initiated on the most lavish and comprehensive scale at the outbreak of war, has been described. After a few months its effect began to wear off, the machinery became too obvious, and the extremely astute persons who conduct it decided to cease operations almost entirely. When a modest Swiss pastor, whose interest in politics has hitherto never strayed beyond the confines of his canton, receives half-a-dozen pamphlets in as many weeks on "The Heritage of Martin Luther," or "The World-Political Mission of German *Kultur*," he is at first amazed; then when he finds all the neighboring pastors have had the same experience, he becomes suspicious; and if the bombardment continues, he ends by being annoyed. Propaganda on these direct and obvious lines among a highly educated people rapidly defeats its own object; and the right way to

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counter it is not by more propaganda of the same sort. When a neutral is suffering from a surfeit of "How strong I am, by Hans Müller," he is not going to be impressed by "How noble I am, by John Bull." There is little doubt that the failure of the Allies at the outbreak of the war to meet the German propaganda by counter-propaganda has told in the end in their favor. England, in particular (it must regrettfully be recorded), is supposed to be too stupid to conduct propaganda at all! The consequence is that, when we do put our case, we are listened to with an attention which the too persistent German advocate cannot secure. We are (or can pose as) the plain man unaccustomed to forensic arts; and our unvarnished statement goes down better with the jury than the professional rhetoric of the pleader. There have been several instances of this in the columns of the Swiss Press during the past year. A good deal more seems to be done now, partly by independent writers, English journalists in Switzerland and the like, partly by official agencies such as the Consulate-General at Zurich, in the way of communicating newspaper articles which put our view or refute the German view on controversial points. Propaganda of this sort, if it can be called by such a name, is perfectly open and above-board. There is no mystery as to its *provenance*. It is none the worse because it is not loud-voiced or obtrusive. In this field we are keeping our end up.

O. de L.

TWO'S TWO.

BY J. STORER CLOUSTON.

CHAPTER X.

THE TWO CANVAS BAGS.

One of the pleasantest features of Sutherbury Park was the avenue of limes; not the main avenue from the London road, but a long and narrow glade between two rows of ancient trees, leading to a postern in the boundary wall.

Down this, on a placid, sunshiny afternoon, Miss Joyce Demayne strolled very thoughtfully, her eyes on the ground, the charms of the day and place unheeded. When she happened to look up she saw, between the trees ahead, Major Peckenham. He too was walking slowly—extremely slowly for a man of his brisk habits.

Like all women of sound instincts, Miss Demayne approved of military gentlemen; especially when they looked the part as satisfactorily as the Major. And like all good judges of women, the Major highly approved of Joyce Demayne; in fact, he had even gone the length of adding up his salary, pension, and private means, and subtracting from the total the hypothetical cost of a lady and, say, two children.

The remainder, he perceived at once, was quite inadequate to support a gentleman as a gentleman ought to be supported, but the calculation showed the exceptional nature of his approval. He had only made it about eight times before in his whole life.

Yet though she looked particularly engaging this morning in a short walking skirt and the most becoming soft felt hat, he never quickened his stride, and his manner when they met was abstracted. So likewise was hers; and in fact, after saying "Good morning," they stood for a moment in silence. She was the first to speak.

"I presume Sir Wyverne has told you he is going abroad?" she said.

From his sudden look at her, she seemed to have touched the very topic on his own mind.

"Oh, then he has told you?" said he.

"But evidently not anyone else. Even his mother is not to be informed till after he has gone."

"I knew he was keeping it pretty dark."

"It seems to me a little strange," she said tentatively.

He looked at her very intently for a moment.

"Miss Demayne," he said in an earnest voice, "I am going to ask you something. It's a question of great interest to us both. Excuse me for one moment."

The words and the voice sent a strange suspicion shooting through her mind. She had never looked upon the Major as that kind of admirer, but then men were men.

His next procedure, however, raised an even graver suspicion. Darting from her side, he passed between two of the trees and carefully peered round. Then he crossed the glade and did the same on the other side. She remembered having been proposed to several times before, and though the gentlemen had always sought solitude first, they had never taken such extraordinary precautions. Yet the Major seemed the last man to have a nervous breakdown.

"Have you seen any strange men about the place?" he asked in a low voice as he came close to her again.

She looked a little startled. "No," she said, "not since I met Mr. Archie Fitz-Wyverne."

"Have you seen him again?"

She shook her head.

"Or any other stranger?"

"Not about the house or park. Do you suspect there are any?"

He nodded, and to himself he said—

"Where the devil does he keep the fellows?"

"But surely you don't think they are likely to be behind the trees!" she cried.

"Upon my word, I haven't the foggiest notion what to think," he said gravely. "The thing is getting on my nerves. There are certain people somewhere, and not knowing where, I'm beginning to look for them everywhere."

"Is Mr. Fitz-Wyverne one of them?" she demanded.

He became evasive.

"Certain people *were* here, and I've made quiet inquiries and worked out the railway time-tables, and I can't account for things unless they are here all the time!"

He fell silent for a few moments, and then in an even more confidential voice he said—

"You have some influence with Wyverne, Miss Demayne."

"Oh, very little!" she said hastily, her color rising just perceptibly.

"Well, anyhow, you *can* have if you like, and if you will use it for his own good, I'll tell you what I wish you'd persuade him to do—to tell the truth!"

"About what?" she exclaimed.

"Just get it into his head that if he trusts people at all, he oughtn't to tell them whackers. Do it in your own tactful way. Give it the feminine touch—the high-souled beautiful influence of woman and—er—all that, but make him stop fibbing!"

She had never before known Major Peckham rise to such heights of eloquence, and was naturally impressed. At the same time, his command struck her as a trifle vague.

"I can hardly believe he is deliberately untruthful—" she began.

"Put it like that! Put it like that!"

cried the Major warmly. "That's the way to influence us—appeal to our higher nature!"

"But won't you even tell me what untruth he has told?" she pleaded.

"Murder will out," he answered darkly, "and so probably will this."

With this cryptic forecast, he raised his hat and turned away. Then he turned back.

"By the way," he added, "remember I'm always at your service while Wyverne is away. Come and tell me at once if anything seems at all queer. I'm afraid I won't have much time to come up to the house. I have two men coming tonight to stay with me."

"Your brothers?" she asked hopefully (the Major had three brothers in the army and two in the navy—all very gallant gentlemen).

"No," he said hastily, "no such luck. Quite different fellows. Goodbye."

She thought his manner seemed stranger than ever as he made this last speech.

She got back to the house in time for tea. Sir Wyverne, as usual, was there, and as usual was politeness itself to the old lady. He and his secretary barely exchanged a word.

After dinner he sent for her to come to the study. She happened to be passing through the hall when she got the message, and so it was that she appeared a little sooner than she was probably expected,

"Oh!" exclaimed the baronet hurriedly, "I—er—just one moment!"

In each hand he held a plump little canvas bag, and as he spoke he turned away from her, put them on his desk and closed the top. She distinctly heard a metallic clink as he set them down.

There had been a marked constraint in their bearing towards one another for the past two days—ever since the

visit of Archibald, and this incident seemed on his part to increase it.

"I only just wanted to tell you," said he, "that I am leaving for Paris tonight."

"Tonight!" she exclaimed.

"Yes—important business—a sudden call. I'm leaving rather quietly. Please give this note to my mother in the morning. It's to—er—explain things."

She took the note, and there was a moment of silence. It might have been the psychological moment for a tactful homily on truthfulness, as she realized afterwards; but at the time it was the last thing she thought of.

"Well, good-bye," said he; and they shook hands.

She had reached the door, when he spoke again.

"I should be greatly obliged if you would regard this—er—incident as confidential," he said, with his most engaging smile. "It sounds mysterious, but—do you mind?"

His smile was always charming, but tonight the thing that struck her about it was its reminiscent suggestion of somebody else. For an instant she was puzzled, and then she remembered, it was Archibald Fitz-Wyverne!

"Do you mean my coming to the study?"

"Yes—the whole thing. Just tell my mother I left the note out for her. You see, I shall probably walk to the station and carry what I need in a handbag, and—" He broke off, and then added, "By the way, I think on the whole you *had* better say I saw you and that I told you this. Good-bye again."

At this point the idea of the homily did strike Miss Demayne rather forcibly, but it was clearly not the most tactful moment.

Early hours was one of Lady Warrington-Browne's leading principles, and by half-past ten Joyce was in her

room, and silence had fallen on the house. She was in no mood for sleep, and for a long time sat in a wicker chair before the fire thinking and wondering. The picture that persistently rose before her mind was of an opulent and respected baronet leaving his house on foot in the dead of night, equipped with a handbag for a visit to Paris.

The clock on her mantelpiece struck softly. She looked up and saw that it was half-past eleven, and then it occurred to her that the only night train for London, or for anywhere else, passed through Sutherland Station (stopping if notice were given) at eleven-forty. So he must have left the house some time ago.

She sat thinking till twelve o'clock roused her again. He must be thundering through the night towards Paddington by now! She decided it was time to go to bed.

But still she felt restless, and after gazing absently at the dying fire, and then a little less absently at the mirror, she opened the window and gazed into the night. Dimly she could pick out one dark towering evergreen after another, till her eye fell on one which was not quite dark. There was a little spot of radiance on it, just bright enough to show it to be a yew.

She held her breath and followed the line of light across the lawn till she traced it to a window on the first floor. It was hard to be quite certain in the dark, but she was morally sure it was the window of Sir Wyverne's study. And then suddenly the light vanished.

"He has not gone after all!" she cried to herself.

CHAPTER XI.

THE MIDNIGHT VISITOR.

By 11 P.M. the peaceful town of Sutherland prepared for rest. The nightly promenade of youths and

maidens ebbed till the old stones of the High Street were left almost bare. An economical person with a mysteriously efficient pole went round and turned out every other lamp, and gradually the last lingerers took the hint, until at last down the darkened street the footfalls of the few passers-by began to ring out like a postman's raps. And then, more gradually, one bright blind after another became a mere piece of the darkness.

In the oldest and narrowest part of the High Street, near the foot, a light still shone brightly in the glass over Major Peckham's door, and in a chink between the curtains the blind of his ground-floor window glowed. Just before twelve o'clock the door opened and the Major himself appeared on the step, a spectacle calculated to delight the provincial eye. How many other people in Sutherland dressed regularly for dinner was uncertain: some said one and some said two. Certainly no one else wore a frogged smoking coat with red silk lapels, or smoked quite such a good cigar.

Yet in spite of these advantages the Major seemed far from happy. He frowned into the darkness, up the street and down the street, and for five minutes more he frowned as he stood there intently listening. Midnight clanged on the town-hall clock. Then he closed his door and returned to his smoking-room fire and a glass of whisky-and-soda that stood on an oaken stool beside it. On the table was a tray with syphons, two glasses, and a decanter. Evidently his guests had not arrived; but evidently he still expected them.

"Can they be coming by train?" he said to himself. "If the 11.40 is late there's just a chance. Confound them!"

The night train was never much late, and by 12.15 it was

clear that no railway was bringing them.

"D——n them!" muttered the Major.

By half-past twelve the High Street of Sutherland was desolate enough for a highway robbery. Not a footfall had broken the silence for twenty minutes, and, except Major Peckham's, every house was dark. And then a step rang out. It was a deliberate and dogmatic step, and as its owner passed one of the surviving lamps his appearance answered exactly to the step. He seemed also of a cautious and discreet nature, for his felt hat was turned down to shade his face, and as he drew near the lower end of the street he paused and listened warily. In his hand he carried a small leather suit-case.

When he reached the Major's door he stopped, listened again, and then rattled the knocker.

The Major's red lapels and white shirt front appeared in the doorway.

"Is that you at last?" he demanded.

"The answer to the first part of your question is in the affirmative," replied the visitor with some asperity. "The last part I consider an unwarranted aspersion! I have arrived at the hour which I considered most advisable. You can shut the door."

The Major was still standing by the open door looking into the darkness of the High Street.

"Isn't the other fellow coming?" he asked.

"The answer to that is in the negative," replied his visitor, marching into the smoking-room and throwing his suit-case on the sofa, with an assurance that made his host's toes tingle.

"What has happened to him?"

"He left the house some time ago, but I take no interest in his movements, and would prefer not to discuss such an unsavory subject."

"Left the house!" repeated the Major. "Do you mean Sutherbury Park?"

"Naturally," snapped his guest. "You are not an idiot, are you, Maurice?"

The Major started as though he had been shot. In fact, he had been shot at least twice in his career with much less apparent effect.

"I beg your pardon?" he gasped.

"Are you deaf?" said his guest tartly. "I spoke exceedingly distinctly."

"My name, Mr. Harris, is Major Peckenham," replied the Major with extraordinary haughtiness.

Mr. Harris looked at him critically and then at the tumbler on the oak stool.

"You are evidently drunk," he replied. "My name is Samuel, and yours is Maurice, and you are perfectly aware of those facts. Kindly get me a glass of milk and a biscuit."

Major Peckenham was usually very hospitable, but there were limits.

"My servants unfortunately have gone to bed," he replied stiffly.

"Do you imagine I pay you five hundred pounds a year in order to obtain that information?" said Samuel sternly. "Get me what I asked you for."

The Major choked. Evidently this pestilential person was absolutely in Wyverne's confidence. Evidently, also, it had been arranged he should act this detestable farce. The most elementary discretion forbade offense being taken.

In silence he stalked out of the room, and in silence returned with a jug of milk and a box of biscuits. Samuel filled a tumbler and munched a Bath Oliver. Except for the munching (which was rather loud), there was silence for a few minutes. Gradually the Major calmed down.

"Best plan is to humor the brute," he said to himself philosophically.

Aloud he inquired—

"Then you've no idea what mischief your friend is up to?"

"He is not my friend," replied Samuel, "and since you are going to act as my agent, I may as well warn you that inaccuracy is one of my pet aversions."

The Major took a deep breath, and clenched his hands very tightly. By these means he was able to answer with outward calm.

"I mean Fitz Archibald or whatever he calls himself."

"He calls himself Archibald," corrected Samuel; "and as I said before, I neither know nor care where he went or what he proposes to do. We have arranged to keep one another supplied with our addresses, so that I shall probably learn where he is in a day or two. But having driven the necessity for this elementary precaution into his idiotic head, I was only too thankful to be relieved of his society."

Again there was a pause, while Samuel munched another Bath Oliver.

"Tell me when you would like to go to bed," said the Major.

"May I inquire precisely why I should inform you?" demanded his guest through a mouthful of biscuit, which muffled without mellowing his voice.

All the reply the Major was capable of making on the spur of the moment was—

"It—it is usually done, I believe."

"I never heard a more unintelligent answer," replied Samuel. "When I am ready for bed I shall go."

He finished his biscuit in silence and then bent his searching gaze upon the tray.

"Do you indulge in alcoholic refreshment every night?" he inquired.

"Usually," said his host curtly.

"Usually?" repeated Samuel with

an accurate man's scorn. "On an average per week, how often do you omit to poison yourself?"

"Never," said the Major.

"In that case you will soon become quite unfit to transact business for me," said Samuel. "Have you tried any of the recognized drink cures?"

"No," said the Major.

"I shall give you one. A half-fuddled agent is unendurable."

"Look here——!" began the Major, and then checked himself. His position was extraordinarily delicate.

"Look where?" demanded Samuel.

Major Peckenham sprang up.

"Personally, I am going to bed," he said. "I had better show you your room."

"I know every room in this house as well as you. I took it for you. I presume I have got the bedroom opposite yours?"

The Major gasped. Certainly this fellow was extraordinarily well informed.

"Yes," he said.

Samuel rose also and picked up his suit-case.

"Good-night," said he; "we breakfast at seven."

"Nine," corrected his host.

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(To be continued.)

"Seven," repeated the guest firmly. "I have come here to work, not to lie in bed."

"My servants only get up at seven."

"They will have to get up at five. I shall tell them so. Their room is the top back, I believe?"

He started for the door.

"You don't propose to tell them now!" exclaimed his host.

"I do."

The Major decided he must risk something.

"You will do nothing of the kind," he replied, planting himself in the doorway in front of his guest.

His shoulders were broad and his eye clearly meant business. Samuel looked at him dourly, but he reflected that he also might be placed in an awkward situation.

"I put this outburst down to intemperance," he said in a chilly voice. "See that it doesn't happen again, Maurice. Inform your servants yourself of my wishes."

He and his bag went upstairs, and the Major heaved a sigh of relief.

"Rid of him for a few hours anyhow!" he said to himself. And then he thought of the morrow, and his face again fell.

RACIAL PATRIOTISM IN POETRY.

Many results from the Great War are prophesied: one, which seems a little more than possible, is a stronger recognition of the essential importance of race, and still more of the importance, both for their preservation in some cases and for the handling of problems in others, of racial dissimilarities. If that should come, then possibly Poetry will once again enter into her own, as indeed already she seems to be doing. As a rule, the great characteristics emerge most no-

tably from the exercise of great powers; so it may be realized presently that certain profound racial gifts, which escape, no doubt, in every action, show themselves most clearly in Poetry than elsewhere. Nowhere does this distinction of attitude exhibit itself more clearly than in the bearing of a race towards those things which we call material. An instance, close at hand, may serve. In the case of the Latin and the Gael, however they may seem aware of and even ready

to enjoy the comforts, luxuries and tangible pleasure of existence, something else lurks in the background, viz., the quite other and distinct importance of non-material things. Take, for example, the French passion for *la vérité*, their adulation of that which really is, and which can by definite, irrefragable, intellectual process be defended. The value of intellectual and spiritual apprehension is never underrated in France, as it easily may be among ourselves. Naturally enough, it was an English philosopher who found it timely to remind us with terse bluntness that "to talk is not to think." Pascal's advice not to "pay ourselves with words" is not an equivalent: he warned men against superficial meanings, while Professor Bradley was warning us against entire absence of meaning, against the baneful practice of mistaking statement for fact.

The system of values differs in the two nations; take, for instance, their wholly different views of literature, their dissimilar estimation of "writers." What business man in England regards "writing" as a profession? In the matter of *la vérité* again, no one wants to deny that Englishmen have some reputation for integrity, less deserved, perhaps, in some quarters than it used to be. But this species of sincerity has nothing to do with the Gallic passion for Abstract Truth, supposing such a thing to exist, and we all seem to suppose it. To the average Englishman, what he settles for himself is "the Truth." Dr. Johnson, with his dictatorial certainty about everything, was, after all, only an ordinary Englishman raised to a higher power. Here and there, a Locke or a Sidgwick may suffer an infinity of scruples, which, like a jacky-lantern's wiles, lead them over and into intellectual bogs and morasses. But your everyday Englishman is comfortably satisfied that his view is "near enough

for practical purposes," and, since all his purposes are practical, that suffices. Not so the Frenchman. *La vraie vérité*—a phrase unique and deeply characteristic—to him gleams, lures and entices. It is always there, but just beyond that tantalizing line where the tangible melts into dreamland vision. Other pursuits, the glamour of military service, the "safety," as M. Faguet would say, of official life, the realities of the Champagne country, or whatever else may bring solid rewards, have no doubt their living interest, their compelling call: still, behind all that, your Latin, and not less your Celt, conceives a passion for hidden but most actual reality; a reality which perhaps he cannot grasp, on the way to which he encounters and may temporarily embrace countless phantoms and misleading make-shifts, yet for him, a reality so real that an invitation like Charles Fuster's, dealing not with the temporary but the permanent, rings with a more imperiously practical note in his ears than any offer of mundane profit—
Aime la vérité plus que gloire et puissance.

Et tu te sentiras naître un peu tous les jours,
Jusqu'à la mort, complète et joyeuse
naissance,
Epanouissement de toutes les amours!

Moreover, most ironic of commentaries, the quaint fact remains that with all our English love of the "practical," with all the French exaltation of "abstract truth," they beat us easily in the really business-like details, from high finance and widespread national thrift, which enable them to recover swiftly and surely from such devastations as the war of 1870, down to minor affairs, like making highly edible soup out of nothing in particular and redeeming vegetables from our national disaster of diurnal sloppiness.

A curious fortune has so juxtaposed some races that no coalescence save a forced one seems thinkable; of these the sharpest, the most glaring, is that of England and Ireland. How could the sensible English understand that people of many contradictions, who show their quality nowhere more vividly than in their alert awareness of all which is "there," no detail escaping their quick vision, and their equally characteristic habit of turning it all to no obviously useful end? Many solutions of the Irish Problem have been offered, but is not the master-key of the difficulty just the fact that the two peoples do not understand each other, and after all that has happened do not very much wish to? Where Indifferentism has not frozen the waters of life at their source, Religion and Love of Country are men's dominant passions. The latter is indeed a most illustrative proof of this tragic dissimilarity between England and Ireland, an unlikeness whose recognition—who knows?—might begin to work a cure?

The love of country in England somewhat changed in character with the passing of time. In the earlier days, before Englishmen learned to stray all over the world, and, as a disdainful Welshwoman once said of them, "make a cricket-ground, build a small church and have afternoon tea wherever they go," they had an intensely localized love of country, they cared for this actual island, this speck of earth in the waste of waters. That was so, as late as Shakespeare's day:—

This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-Paradise,
This fortress built by Nature for herself,
Against infection and the hand of war,

LIVING AGE, VOL. V, NO. 259.

This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in this silver sea.

This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,

England bound in with the triumphant sea.

Though these are lines no Englishman can ever read or hear without emotion, yet they ceased to express, and did not, for many generations, express, our whole feeling. The bounds of Empire have rolled back and back, till slowly, surely, the "precious stone set in the silver sea" has become the central jewel in an imperial circlet. Mr. Watson, appreciated too imperfectly by his generation, in his Ode to King Edward VII, expressed this development magnificently:—

And slowly in the ambience of this crown
Have many crowns been gathered, till, today
How many peoples crown thee, who shall say?

Time and the ocean and some fostering star

In high cabal have made us what we are,—

Who stretch one hand to Huron's bearded pines

And one on Kashmir's snowy shoulder lay.

And round the streaming of whose raiment shines

The iris of the Australasian spray.

For waters have connived at our designs

And winds have plotted with us—and behold,

Kingdom in kingdom, sway in oversway,

Dominion fold in fold;

So wide of girth this little cirque of gold,

So great we are and old.

This exposition and explication of the Imperial idea is no vulgar bragging: for once, the dream of Empire borrows the artist's color, the musician's tone, the poet's light. Yet patriotism is here no longer love of a restricted place, but pride of race. Even in Shakespeare's days, England was the dwelling-place of a great breed of men, rather than, as among the Latins and Celts, a personified entity, a sheltering Mother gathering beneath the folds of her mantle the children of the race. To the Irish, Ireland is a *person*, as we may see unmistakably in Mangan's version of *Roisin Dubb*, that great poem addressed in Elizabethan days to Ireland, under the title of "Dark Rosaleen." All through it, the dominant note is the personification of the land, not of the people: the race are the lovers of the Motherland, a being as really related to the nation as to the families within the nation is every individual mother—

My dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!

The judgment hour must first be nigh
Ere you can fade, ere you can die,
My dark Rosaleen!

Here we feel that the love of country is a deeply rooted personal passion, like the irrevocable love between parent and child, husband and wife, friend and friend, "paréeque c'estoit luy paréeque c'estoit moy" in Montaigne's memorable phrase.

While English patriotism dealt with the deeds of the race, with our wide-flung achievements and imperial activity, Irish love of country clings about and is deeply sunk into the soil, shrouds in the mist-enwreathed hills and lurks in the valleys, gleams upon the waters, and steals through the spaces of the starlit sky. The soul of the land meets the soul of every passing man, woman and child of Irish

blood, as they pass upon their unpractical way—

'Tis the Beauty of all Beauty that is calling for your love.

And the Land of Youth lies gleaming flushed with rainbow light and mirth
And the old enchantment lingers in the honey heart of earth.

No distance, no lapse of time, no outward separation affects this passion.
Listen to Mr. Stephen Gwynn:—

Wanderer am I like the salmon of thy rivers;
London is my ocean, murmurous and deep,
Tossing and vast; yet through the roar of London,
Comes to me thy summons, calls me in sleep.

Pearly are the skies in the country of my fathers,
Purple are thy mountains, home of my heart,
Mother of my yearning, love of all my longings,
Keep me in remembrance long leagues apart.

Intwined with this personal love of the land, of its mountains and valleys, its streams, its hopelessly irclaimable bogs, and with the indestructible sentiment clinging round the trefoil of the shamrock, is an entire carelessness about material prosperity which must seem to English people one of the most shameful, as it certainly is most shameless, characteristics of the Irish people. Whatever arguments might move the South and the West to regard Ulster with feelings of respect and affection, the stock invitation, "See how prosperous she is," will surely not. The thought of dividing Ireland shocks every genuine Irishman, but rich factories do not weigh with him. Miss Lawless has preserved that truth in her poem, *A Retort*. Passionately she cries to the plutocrat:—

Stud all your shores with prosperous towns!

Blacken your hillsides mile on mile!
Redden with bricks your patient towns!
And proudly smile!

Then her key changes; her voice is the low, sweet, cadenced Irish voice, as she tells of Erin's future peace:—

I see her in those coming days,
Still young, still gay, her unbound hair

Crowned with a crown of star-like rays
Serenely fair.

I see an envied haunt of peace,
Calm and untouched: remote from roar,
Where wearied men may from their burdens cease
On a still shore.

This deeply cut difference between the patriotism of an Imperialist race and the tense love of country proper to a nation of dreamers and idealists has accounted in no small measure for the Anglo-Irish Problem. If it is not easy to perceive where the solution lies, it is always a gain to locate the problem. We can see it at its sharpest if we compare Kipling's sounding lines—

Truly ye come of the Blood; slower to bless than to ban;

Little used to lie down at the bidding of any man.

Flesh of the flesh that I bred, bone of the bone that I bare,
Stark as your sons shall be,—stern as your Fathers were.

Also we will make promise. So long as the Blood endures,

I shall know that your good is mine:
ye shall feel that my strength is yours:

In the day of Armageddon, at the last great fight of all

That our House stand together and the pillars do not fall,

with Costello's plangent cry to Ireland—

I could scale the blue air
I could plough the high hills,

Oh, I could kneel all night in prayer
To heal your many ills!

And one . . . beamy smile from you
Would float like light between

My toils and me, my own, my true,

My dark Rosaleen!

My fond Rosaleen!

Would give me life and soul anew,

My dark Rosaleen!

This contrast between English and Irish patriotism, scantily, if at all, recognized, held true through the nineteenth century, and up to the outbreak of the present war. Then occurred one of those contradictions in which English life is rich. If ever the Imperialist note could be, and surely would be, sounded, might we not have expected it to be when India, the Dominion, the Colonies rose in arms, and to the Empire's standard her "sons came from far"? Yet the Soldier poets* have willed it otherwise. In this slim brown glorious volume, "The Trench Edition," whether the poet strives in Flanders, or Gallipoli, the homing soul turns, not to the British Empire, but to *England*. "They gave their lives for England," says Major Sydney Oswald. As Lieutenant Noel Hodgson wended his way to the Rest Camp "after severe fighting at Loos," he greets the coolness, meeting him, as "A leaping wind from England." Some of Captain Grenfell's poems recall India, but these were written there before the war.

Sergeant Streets sings of—

a strange, proud look on every face—
The scorn of death, the pride of race,

And records of "an English soldier" that—

He fell; but yielded not his English soul.

And Lieutenant Geoffrey Howard, who is not blind to the Imperial sway—

Her seed is sown about the world—

**Soldier Poets* (Erskine Macdonald), 1s. 6d. net.

yet ends with lines as intimate, as rooted in English soil, as those which Shakespeare put into the mouth of dying Gaunt. Of what land but this could these lines have been written?—

But she is very small and very green
And full of little lanes all dense with flowers
That wind along and lose themselves between
Mossed farms, and parks, and fields of quiet sheep.
And in the hamlets, where her stalwarts sleep,
Low bells chime out from old elm-hidden towers.

Nor is it otherwise with those who were disabled from active service. Oblivious of imperial thoughts, James Elroy Flecker wrote that moving plea—

Since we are men and shrine immortal souls
Surely for us as for these nobly dead
The Kings of England lifting up their swords
Shall gather at the gate of Paradise.

The Poetry Review.

But while the war has thus called from England's soldier poets the original, temporarily obscured, love of her actual soil, the Irish local patriotism goes on unchangingly, as, with unblushing coolness, they appropriate for Erin the Leader of the Celestial Army:—

Then Kelly said:
"When Michael, the Irish Archangel, stands,
The angel with the sword,
And the battle dead from a hundred lands
Are ranged in one great horde,
Our line that for Gabriel's trumpet waits
Will stretch three deep that day
From Jehosaphat to the Golden Gates—
Kelly and Burke and Shea."

"Well, here's thank God for the race
and the sod,"
Said Kelly and Burke and Shea.

Now, as ever, the Irish race clings to the Irish sod. Perhaps England, returning to her first love, may find the way to comprehend the Sister Isle.

Geraldine E. Hodgson.

THE INNOCENCE OF CRIMINALS.

A phrase, which we have all heard, is sometimes uttered by some small man sentenced to some small term of imprisonment, for either or both of the two principal reasons for imprisoning a man in modern England: that he is known to the police, and that he is not known to the magistrate. When such a man receives a more or less temperate term of imprisonment, he is often reported as having left the dock saying that he would "do it on his head." In his own self-consciousness, he is merely seeking to maintain his equilibrium by that dazed and helpless hilarity which is the only philosophy allowed to him. But the phrase

itself, like a great part of really popular slang, is highly symbolic. The English pauper (who has become numerically the preponderant Englishman) does really reconcile himself to existence by putting himself in an inverted and grotesque posture towards it. He does really stand on his head, because he is living in topsyturvydom. He finds himself in an Upsidonia fully as fantastic as Mr. Archibald Marshall's, and far less fair and logical; in a landscape as wild as if the trees grew downwards or the moon hung below his feet. He lives in a world in which the man who lends him money makes him a beggar; in

which, when he is a beggar, the man who gives him money makes him a criminal; in which, when he is a criminal and "known to the police," he becomes permanently liable to be arrested for other people's crimes.

He is punished if his home is neglected, though there is nobody to look after it, and punished again if it is not neglected, and the children are kept from school to look after it. He is arrested for sleeping on private land, and arrested again for sleeping on public land, and arrested, be it noted, for the positive and explicit reason that he has no money to sleep anywhere else. In short, he is under laws of such naked and admitted lunacy that they might quite as well tell him to pluck all the feathers off the cows, or to amputate the left leg of a whale. There is no possible way of behaving in such a pantomime city except as a sort of comic acrobat, a knockabout comedian who does as many things as possible on his head. He is, both by accident and design, a tumbler. It is a proverb about his children that they tumble up; it is the whole joke about his drunkenness that he tumbles down; but he is in a world in which standing straight or standing still have become both impossible and fatal. Meredith rightly conceived the only possible philosophy of this modern outlaw as that of Juggling Jerry; and even what is called his swindling is mostly this sort of almost automatic juggling. His nearest approach to social status is mere kinetic stability, like a top. There was, indeed, another tumbler called in tradition Our Lady's Tumbler, who performed happier antics before a shrine in the days of superstition; and whose philosophy was perhaps more positive than Juggling Jerry's, or Meredith's. But a strenuous reform has passed through our own cities, careful of the survival of the fittest, and we have been able

to preserve the antic while abolishing the altar.

But though this form of reaction into ridicule, and even self-ridicule, is very natural, it is also very national; it is not the only human reaction against injustice, nor perhaps the most obvious. The Irishman has shot his landlord, the Italian has joined a revolutionary Secret Society the Russian has either thrown a bomb or gone on a pilgrimage, long before the Englishman has come finally to the conclusion that existence is a joke. Even as he does so he is too fully conscious that it would be too bad as a tragedy if it were not so good as a farce. It is further to be noted, for the fact is of ominous importance, that this topsy-turvy English humor has, during the last six or seven generations, been more and more abandoned to the poorer orders. Sir John Falstaff is a knight; Tony Weller is a coachman; his son Sam is a servant to the middle classes, and the recent developments of social discipline seem calculated to force Sam Weller into the status of the Artful Dodger. It is certain that a youth of that class who should do today a tenth of the things that Sam Weller did would in one way or another spend most of his life in jail. Today, indeed, it is the main object of social reform that he should spend the whole of his life in jail; but in a jail that can be used as a factory. That is the real meaning of all the talk about scientific criminology and remedial penalties. For such outcasts punishment is to be abolished by being perpetuated. When men propose to eliminate retribution as "vindictive," they mean two very simple things: ceasing altogether to punish the few who are rich, and enslaving all the rest for being poor.

Nevertheless this half-conscious buffoon who is the butt of our society is

also the satirist of it. He is even the judge of it, in the sense that he is the normal test by which it will be judged. In a number of quite practical matters it is he who represents historic humanity, and speaks naturally and truthfully where his judges and critics are crooked, crabbed and superstitious. This can be seen, for instance, if we see him for a moment not in the dock, but in the witness-box. In several books and newspapers I happened to read lately, I have noticed a certain tone touching the uneducated witness; phrases like "the vagueness characteristic of their class," or "easily confused, as such witnesses are." Now such vagueness is simply truthfulness. Nine times out of ten, it is the confusion any man would show at any given instant about the complications which crowd human life. Nine times out of ten, it is avoided in the case of educated witnesses by the mere expedient of a legal fiction. The witness has a brief, like the barrister: he has consulted dates, he has made memoranda, he has frequently settled with solicitors exactly what he can safely say. His evidence is artificial even when it is not fictitious; we might almost say it is fictitious even when it is not false. The model testimony, regarded as the most regular of all in a law court, is constabulary testimony; if what the soldier said is not evidence, what the policeman says is often the only evidence. And what the policeman says is incredible, as he says it. It is something like this: "I met the prisoner coming out of Clapham Junction Station and he told me he went to see Mrs. Nehemiah Blagg, of 192, Paardeburg Terrace, West Ealing, about a cat which he had left there last Tuesday week which she was going to keep if it was a good mouser, and she told him it had killed a mouse in the back kitchen on Sunday morning so he had better leave it. She

gave him a shilling for his trouble, and he went to West Ealing post-office where he bought two halfpenny stamps and a ball of string, and then to the Imperial Stores at Ealing Broadway, and bought a pennyworth of mixed sweets. Coming out he met a friend, and they went to the Green Dolphin and made an appointment for 5.30 next day at the third lamp-post in Eckstein Street," and so on. It is frankly impossible for anybody to say such a sentence; still more for anybody to remember it. If the thing is not a tissue of mere inventions, it can only be the arbitrary summary of a very arbitrary cross-examination, conducted precisely as are the examinations of a secret police in Russia. The story was not only discovered bit by bit, but discovered backwards. Mountains were in labor to bring forth that mouse in West Ealing. The police made a thorough official search of the man's mental boxes and baggage, before that cat was let out of the bag. I am not here supposing the tale to be untrue—I am pointing out that the telling of it is unreal. The right way to tell a story is the way in which the prisoner told it to the policeman, and not the way in which the policeman tells it to the court. It is the way in which all true tales are told, the way in which all men learn the news about their neighbors, the way in which we all learned everything we know in childhood; it is the only real evidence for anything on this earth, and it is not evidence in a court of law. The man who tells it is vague about some things, less vague about others, and so on in proportion; but at his very vaguest, among the stiff unreason of modern conditions, he is a judgment on those conditions. His very bewilderment is a criticism, and his very indecision is a decision against us. It is an old story that we are judged by the innocence of a

child, and every child is, in the French phrase, a terrible child. There is a true sense in which all our laws are judged by the innocence of a criminal.

In politics, of course, the case is the same. I will defer the question of whether the democracy knows how to answer questions until the oligarchy knows how to ask them. Asking a man if he approves of Tariff Reform is not only a silly but an insane question, for it covers the wildest possibilities, just as asking him whether he approves of Trouser Reform might mean anything from wearing no trousers to wearing a particular pattern of yellow trousers decorated with scarlet snakes. Talking about Temperance, when you mean pouring wine

The New Witness.

down the gutter, is quite literally as senseless as talking about Thrift, when you mean throwing money into the sea. The rambling speech of yokels and tramps is as much wiser than this as a rambling walk in the woods is wiser than the mathematical straightness of a fall from a precipice. The present leaders of progress are, I think, very near to that precipice; about all their schemes and ideals there is a savor of suicide. But the clown will go on talking in a living and, therefore, a leisurely fashion, and the great truth of pure gossip which sprang up in simpler ages and was the fountain of all the literatures, will flow on when our intricate and tortured society has died of its sins.

G. K. Chesterton.

TWO, AND A CAVE.

She came upon him with startling unexpectedness, some ten feet within the cave, a point far beyond the wanderings of the average tripper. He was sprawling asleep in the autumn sunshine upon a bed of sand, still damp from the last tide, and for a space she stood motionless, looking down at him. He was wearing a shabby, gray lounge suit, his complexion had been tanned almost coffee-color, and his chin bristled with a four-days' beard.

He stirred, yawned, and opened his eyes. The girl began to move away. He sat up, regarded her with a scowl that merged in a grin, and finally scrambled to his feet. "Hallo! Have I been snoring?"

She shook her head. Then, seeing his eyes fixed on the string-bag she was carrying, she added timidly, "I come back from shopping—of cakes, sixpennyworth, and bananas."

"I suppose," he began, and hesitated, "you couldn't sell me some?"

"So you mean that you are hungry?"

"Ravenous!"

She broke a couple of bananas from the bunch, and from its paper bag extracted a cake, bright with pink sugar.

"I buy some more as I return," she exclaimed. "I wander here because I am in no hurry, because Madame Pleckett has gone to a theatre, and I am glad to be alone."

The man nodded, and, after searching in several pockets, produced three pennies. These he offered to the girl, and when she shook her head, pitched them with gay dexterity into the open mouth of the bag.

"But I wish," he said, as he began to peel a banana, "that you'd share these with me."

"I must be going back, m'sieu'."

"Why? It isn't six o'clock yet, and I haven't had a soul to talk to for ages. It isn't as though I hadn't seen you before. Twice, yesterday, you came

out of the end house on the Marine Parade, and—”

“But that does not count an introduction,” she protested.

“Then it ought to.” He flung away the banana-skin, and attacked the cake. “Anyway, tell me something about yourself.”

“There is so little to tell,” she said simply. “I come from Belgium, and I am given the position of maid to Madame Pleekett at the boarding-house they call The Laurels. I have to get up at six o’clock in the morning, and to dust the rooms and get the breakfast, and do many other things. I am blamed, very much, because I am slow and do not always understand. Madame speaks what you call ‘Cockney,’ and has a quick temper.”

“And how do you amuse yourself?”

She smiled. “When I have finished my supper, I am too tired to do anything except go very gladly to bed.”

“I thought maids in England had fairly easy times nowadays.”

“Not the maids of Madame Pleekett, m’sieu’. It is only on Thursdays that I am free at all.”

He glanced at her so suddenly and keenly that she flushed. “And so, like me, you’re fed up with things?”

“Tell me of yourself,” she said hastily. “Have you been ill?”

He shook his head. “Why?”

“Because—well, you are young, m’sieu’, and not in khaki. And I thought that all the English—all who were young and healthy, and not mad or in prison—were fighting.”

“Then we’ll assume I’m mad, ma’m-selle. Because, although I’m extremely fit, I don’t feel like fighting at present. That’s why I’m here.”

“You mean,” she said, the delicate eyebrows arched unflatteringly, “that you are in—in hiding?”

“That, ma’m-selle, is the position in a nutshell. And, speaking personally, I’m fed up with the war, and all that

belongs to it. The lunacy of the whole business won’t bear thinking about. Here was I, in the thick of experimental work that was going to revolutionize half-a-dozen industries, and now—”

“Now the Government is wishful to make a Tommee of you, and you do not want them to. So you come to Whinsea, and bury yourself in a cave, like one escaping from prison.”

“And you,” he challenged her—“you’re a prisoner, too. You’re putting up with sneers, and snubs, and a slave’s life generally, and the result”—he sauntered past her to the cave entrance, where the rocks that jutted out sharply on either side created a shut-in beach of their own—the result of it all, my dear young lady, is that the pair of us are prisoners in a literal sense. We’ve been chatting too long. The fault, of course, was mine; but the tide in these parts is so tricky that the oldest inhabitant daren’t trust it. On either side of the rocks the water is at least six feet deep.”

Her face paled. “Then what are we to do, m’sieu’?”

“There’s bound to be a solution of the difficulty. By the way, you haven’t told me your name.”

“It is Dubrique—Célandine Dubrique. But at Madame Pleekett’s I am called Alice, because the girl who was there before me had that name.”

“That so? My name’s M’Vie. And now, as to escape. If we went to the entrance of the cave and shouted, we might attract attention.”

“But then they would find you, as well as me, and you would be punished. It is not to be thought of, m’sieu’.”

“On the contrary, it’s the first thing to be thought of.”

He went to where the water was rolling in with a steady, even swell, and shouted until breath and voice were gone. His only answer came

from the wheeling gulls. He turned and regarded the cliff. From where they stood, it was utterly and hopelessly inaccessible.

"Remains," he said to the girl, "the cave itself. I don't know whether there's another exit; but at the worst we ought to be able to find a ledge above high-water level, and to make our escape when the tide falls."

"Which will happen—when?"

"It's high-tide about nine. We ought to be able to get away at something past one in the morning. Call it two, and be on the safe side."

"The safe side, m'sieu'?" She gave an hysterical laugh. "But can you conceive the face of madame when I make my return?"

"Couldn't you explain——"

"Madame has little patience at the best of times; when I explain, she has none. She believes that no foreigner can tell the truth. I shall be sent out of the house with what she calls a fly in my ear—even as the first Alice, who was thought to have stolen a silver teaspoon, was sent."

"Then," said M'Vie, "we'll concentrate our energies on the immediate future. Mind the pools—there's no sense in getting wetter than you need."

They turned their backs on the sea, and an impudent little wave swirled round the wall of rock and followed them exultantly as they went. There was sand for about twenty yards inland, then pebbles, then scattered rocks and débris. The floor sloped to a ridge, and then went down again. M'Vie stopped to examine the walls.

"What is it?" asked the girl.

"I wanted to see where the high-water mark came. We'll have to push on still farther."

They were in almost total darkness when they came to where the cave divided into two narrower passages.

"It's all right," said M'Vie; "I've matches. Luckily, it's a full box. But

we'll have to economize." He took them from his pocket as he spoke, and lit the gloom with a tiny yellow flare.

"I don't know whether you're what's known as a fatalist, ma'm'selle," he said, "but I've a feeling that the luck's definitely on our side."

"Why?" she asked.

With the match held high, he crossed to the opposite side, and returned triumphantly with a stump of candle some three inches long.

"It must have been left by a previous exploring party," he said. "At the worst, it's a couple of hours' extra illumination. Meanwhile, suppose we take the path to the left?"

She acquiesced, and for some distance they plodded steadily on.

"To me," said the girl, breaking a long silence, "it seems that the floor still goes downward; so that when the water comes over the higher part near the entrance——"

"Like to turn back?"

"We could at least try the other passage, m'sieu'."

He turned back at once, glad that the darkness hid the growing anxiety in his face. They regained the main path, and M'Vie lit the candle.

"For once in my life I'm going to be recklessly extravagant," he announced. "We'll make up for it by putting on extra speed."

"If we could only find another candle," she sighed.

"I'd prefer to find another exit. However, we can always go back to the ridge."

Their second route had not the straightness of the first, and suddenly the girl slipped.

"It is because my shoes are so wet," she explained.

M'Vie halted and looked down. A thin but active trickle of water was running along an obviously familiar channel in the middle of the path.

"On the whole," he said, with an

attempt at carelessness, "I think it would be as well to turn back again."

They turned back accordingly. But long before they regained their starting-place the trickle had become a vigorous little stream.

"Listen!" said the girl, clutching his arm.

A report, muffled and remote, was followed by another.

"They're testing the big guns over at Fawsham," said M'Vie. "It sounds alarming, and the reverberation's terrific; but—" A patter of stones, followed by a deafening crash, ended the sentence.

"What—what is it?" gasped the girl.

"Wait here," commanded M'Vie. "Don't move. Here's the candle, if the darkness is too much for you. I'll be back in a jiffy."

She waited, trembling, while he hurried in the direction of the ridge.

He returned, white with chalk, and with his knuckles bleeding. "My remarks concerning luck," he said, "seem to have been premature. Those confounded guns have brought down a new mass of rock. I ought to have taken a hint from all that débris at the entrance."

"Do you mean, m'sieu', that we cannot get out?"

"I'm afraid that's what I do mean—at any rate, by the main entrance. There isn't room for a decent-sized rabbit to squeeze through. We'll have to wait until another landslip is obliging enough to set us free, or till the tide's low enough for us to search for another exit."

The girl's face went very white; but she made no comment.

"When I was a kiddy," pursued M'Vie, his eyes on the water at their feet, "I remember reciting a yarn called 'One Niche the Highest.' It was about a boy who hacked his way up the face of a rock with his pocket-

knife. That big chunk sticking sideways out of the roof there reminded me of it. It oughtn't to be very difficult to bring it down. If I hacked away at that soft stuff round the edges, another big-gun shot might finish the business. And if it fell without smashing we'd have something to stand on high enough to bring our heads above the line of seaweed on the walls. Do you follow me?"

"Of course. Can I help in any way?"

"You can hold the candle. Don't let it drip."

She stood, candle in hand, while he extracted a small but serviceable knife from his pocket. In another moment he was reaching up on tiptoes on his bunched-up coat, cutting at the rubble about the big boulder. It was risky work, and exhausting in the extreme. Presently she saw the knife slip and drop.

"Have you hurt yourself?"

"A trifle. Luckily, it's my left hand. I'll hold the light, if you'll bandage it."

She bound the cut, which was bleeding considerably.

"By the way, what became of the string-bag?" M'Vie inquired.

"I must have left it at the entrance," she faltered. "Does it matter?"

"Not a great deal, though a small amount of nourishment would have come in handy."

He gave her back the candle, and resumed the cutting.

"Stand back!" he shouted, suddenly, and himself jumped.

She saw the mass of rock quiver, and then fall with a splash that drenched them with water and extinguished the candle. She became aware of M'Vie's presence against the wall near her.

"It's all right," he said huskily. "We've got our stepping-stone. But the corner of it caught my shoulder before I could get clear!"

He struck a match and relit the candle. The rock had turned over as

it fell, leaving a jagged surface uppermost.

"All the better foothold," said M'Vie. "Can you scramble up?"

The girl, after one or two failures, succeeded.

"But you?" she asked.

"I'm all right for the present. How much candle have we left?"

She showed him—less than an inch.

"Better put it out for a time. We'll probably need it later. Take the matches first, though. If they get wet, we're done for."

She took the matches from him, and blew out the light. For a time they waited in silence, that was broken only by the rushing gurgle of the water. Presently she felt a wave ripple over her feet.

"You must climb up here, m'sieu'," she insisted anxiously.

"Not yet," said M'Vie. "But give me your hand; I don't want to run the risk of our getting separated."

She fumbled in the darkness, and touched his unbandaged hand. The human contact heartened them both.

"There's plenty of room here," she begged when the stream was almost at his waist; "I can squeeze against the wall. And it will be difficult to get up when the water is higher."

"Hold tight, then," said M'Vie. She heard him slipping and scuffling in the darkness, and felt the rock sway perilously. The next moment he was at her side.

"Couldn't we light the candle again?" she said. "It will soon be difficult to keep the matches dry."

He consented, though reluctantly. She coaxed one into a flame that lasted long enough to kindle the wick. The sight it revealed was nerve-shaking. Water, ink-black, except where the walls fretted it into foam, was flowing past them in a steady, sullen stream, to fall over some distant declivity with a low roar.

"Doesn't look particularly rosy, does it?" said M'Vie grimly, as their eyes met. "Queer how Providence brings a man up against the unexpected. I've imagined myself in all sorts of tight corners, but never one like this. There's one other scheme that occurs to me, and that's risky. Still——"

"Tell me, m'sieu'."

"Well, the chunk of rock we're balancing on came out of the ceiling, didn't it? And though the cave slopes downward, the ground above, as I happen to know, slopes more sharply still, and our stepping-stone must have made an appreciable difference in the thickness of a roof that wasn't particularly thick to start with. If—and I admit it's a big 'if'—a man were to take a sort of flying jump, and get his head and shoulders in the hole and his feet buttressed against the wall, he might be able to worry among the rubble and earth until he burst through into daylight."

"It might be worth trying," she admitted dubiously.

"It's a chance, anyway. But in case it should end badly"—the man's voice changed—"I'd like to tell you that I'm not quite the bad egg you labeled me. My name isn't M'Vie, but M'Vicar, of the Royal Flying Corps."

She drew her breath sharply.

"The Major M'Vicar who destroyed the aerodrome at Lille?"

"That's so. The papers made an absurd fuss over the affair. The G.O.C. gave me a month's leave, and I went down to Fawsham to see the new guns—a regular bus-driver's holiday. But some confounded reporter from London tracked me, and the holiday looked like being ruined. So I shed my khaki, and started to grow a beard, and hid myself here. And while I was loafing about I saw a girl come out of a big house on the front; and after that —there wasn't another girl in the uni-

verse so far as I was concerned. I didn't use to believe in love at first sight, but I know better now. I saw the girl six times in all—four times when she was dressed as a housemaid—or was it a house-parlormaid?—and twice when she wasn't. But nothing she could have worn would have made any difference."

He stopped. The girl's face was flooded a warm crimson in the candle-light.

"I—I, too, have to confess, m'sieu'. I came to England because our château was destroyed, and—well, one must have occupation—and I wanted to learn something of the country. So I became a maid-servant. But when my father, the Count, returns to Belgium, we shall no longer be poor. Indeed, I think that even Madame Pleekett might speak to me if we met in the street. I should not tell you these things, but you have been so good—"

There was a little pause; and then M'Vicar spoke. "If we get out of this place alive," he said gravely, "do you think you could contemplate the prospect of keeping company with me? I believe that's the correct expression. It's the stage before one's properly engaged, you know."

"The 'if' is so big, m'sieu'," she answered softly, "that I will risk disillusioning you, and say 'Yes.' But we must waste no more time talking now."

"True," he said, and gave her the candle to hold again. "Grip the wall as tightly as you can."

She nodded, and watched him gather himself for the leap. There was a scuffle, a deluge of small stones and earth, and then M'Vicar's head and shoulders vanished in the black gulf above. His feet groped for support against the wall, and she guided them to a projection.

"You're not hurt?" she called anxiously.

"No. Be careful with the light; I'm going to shift some of this rubble."

The deluge of fragments began afresh. The girl, as she waited, wondered dully how long it would be before the water swept her from the rock. She had no idea of what he expected to burrow through, or how thick the roof really was; she only knew that he would have to be quick—desperately quick. The minutes that passed were filled with all the agonized confusion of a nightmare. Presently she heard a shout from M'Vicar.

"Hold on—for Heaven's sake, hold on!"

She huddled against the wall. There was a wild rush of débris, followed by an avalanche of earth that choked and half-stunned her. The candle was swept from her hand, and vanished. She gave a faint cry of terror, and peered upward. Through a ragged gap she could see the moon, pale and clear, and a multitude of stars. She heard M'Vicar's voice.

"Stretch up your arms, and I'll try to pull you through!"

A wave, more powerful than the rest, swept her from the rock as the man's hands closed over hers. She was conscious of being drawn upward, slowly and with immense effort. At the very brink there was a pause that made her heart stop beating, and it seemed as though she must inevitably drop back into the gulf again. And then, before she fainted, she felt the touch of wet turf on her face and hair, and knew that she was saved.

She opened her eyes with the sting of neat spirit on her lips. A gray-haired man was bending over her.

"Better?" she heard him say. "Good! No, you're not much hurt. It's your friend who's come off second best. If, as I judge, he dragged you from the cave, he did it with a dislocated shoulder. He must have suffered excruciatingly. The friend who was

with me has gone back to the village for some sort of vehicle. My name is Selby—Dr. Wargrave Selby. We happened to be taking a moonlight stroll when we stumbled over you."

The girl sat up, brushing the hair from her eyes. "But—but Major M'Vicar?"

"We've every reason to hope he'll pull round, but it's bound to be a matter of a week or so. He's conscious now, if you'd like to speak to him."

She rose dizzily and went over to where M'Vicar was lying in the shadow of a Chambers's Journal.

clump of gorse. He smiled faintly as she came near.

"Well, we pulled it off, and that's something to be grateful for. I wonder if the excellent Mrs. Pleekett will let me call and see you when they've patched me up again? Or doesn't she believe in followers?"

"Whether she does or does not, m'sieu'," said the girl softly, "I shall try to tell you of my gratitude." Then, as he made a little shamefaced movement of appeal, she bent, and, flushing hotly, touched his lips with hers.

William Freeman.

THE FEAR OF DEATH IN WAR.

I am not a psychologist, and I have not seen many people die in their beds; but I think that it is established that very few people are afraid of a natural death when it comes to the test. Often they are so weak that they are incapable of emotion. Sometimes they are in such physical pain that death seems a welcome deliverer. But a violent death such as death in battle is obviously a different matter. It comes to a man when he is in the full possession of his health and vigor, and when every physical instinct is urging him to self-preservation. If a man feared death in such circumstances one could not be surprised, and yet in the present war hundreds of thousands of men have gone to meet practically certain destruction without giving a sign of terror. The fact is that at the moment of a charge men are in an absolutely abnormal condition. I do not know how to describe their condition in scientific terms; but there is a sensation of tense excitement combined with a sort of uncanny calm. Their emotions seem to be numbed. Noises, sights, and sensations which would ordinarily produce intense pity, horror, or dread have no effect on them at all,

and yet never was their mind clearer, their sight, hearing, etc., more acute. They notice all sorts of little details which would ordinarily pass them by, but which now thrust themselves on their attention with absurd definiteness—absurd because so utterly incongruous and meaningless. Or they suddenly remember with extraordinary clearness some trivial incident of their past life, hitherto unremembered, and not a bit worth remembering! But with the issue before them, with victory or death or the prospect of eternity, their minds blankly refuse to come to grips. No; it is not at the moment of a charge that men fear death. As in the case of those who die in bed, Nature has an anæsthetic ready for the emergency. It is before an attack that a man is more liable to fear—before his blood is hot, and while he still has leisure to think. The trouble may begin a day or two in advance, when he is first told of the attack which is likely to mean death to himself and so many of his chums. This part is comparatively easy. It is fairly easy to be philosophic if one has plenty of time. One indulges in regrets about the home one may never see

again. One is rather sorry for oneself; but such self-pity is not wholly unpleasant. One feels mildly heroic, which is not wholly disagreeable either. Very few men are afraid of death in the abstract. Very few men believe in Hell, or are tortured by their consciences. They are doubtful about after death, hesitating between a belief in eternal oblivion, and a belief in a new life under the same management as the present; and neither prospect fills them with terror. If only one's "people" would be sensible, one would not mind.

But as the hour approaches when the attack is due to be launched the strain becomes more tense. The men are probably cooped up in a very small space. Movement is very restricted. Matches must not be struck. Voices must be hushed to a whisper. Shells bursting and machine guns rattling bring home the grim reality of the affair. It is then more than at any other time in an attack that a man has to "face the spectres of the mind," and lay them if he can. Few men care for those hours of waiting. But of all the hours of dismay that come to a soldier there are really few more trying to the nerves than when he is sitting in a trench under heavy fire from high-explosive shells or bombs from trench mortars. You can watch these bombs lobbed up into the air. You see them slowly wobble down to earth, there to explode with a terrific detonation that sets every nerve in your body a-jangling. You can do nothing. You cannot retaliate in any way. You simply have to sit tight and hope for the best. Some men joke and smile; but their mirth is forced. Some feign stoical indifference, and sit with a paper and a pipe; but as a rule their pipes are out and their reading a pretense. There are few men, indeed, whose hearts are not beating faster, and whose nerves are not on edge. But you can't call this "the fear of death";

it is a purely physical reaction to danger and detonation. It is not fear of death as death. It is not fear of hurt as hurt. It is an infinitely intensified dislike of suspense and uncertainty, sudden noise and shock. It belongs wholly to the physical organism, and the only cure that I know is to make an act of personal dissociation from the behavior of one's flesh. Closely allied to the sensation of nameless dread caused by high explosives is that caused by gas. No one can carry out a relief in the trenches without a certain anxiety and dread if he knows that the enemy has gas cylinders in position and that the wind is in the east. But this, again, is not exactly the fear of death; but much more a physical reaction to uncertainty and suspense combined with the threat of physical suffering.

Personally, I believe that very few men indeed fear death. The vast majority experience a more or less violent physical shrinking from the pain of death and wounds, especially when they are obliged to be physically inactive, and when they have nothing else to think about. This kind of dread is, in the case of a good many men, intensified by darkness and suspense, and by the deafening noise and shock that accompany the detonation of high explosives. But it cannot properly be called the fear of death, and it is a purely physical reaction which can be, and nearly always is, controlled by the mind. Last of all there is the repulsion and loathing for the whole business of war, with its bloody ruthlessness, its fiendish ingenuity, and its insensate cruelty, that comes to a man after a battle, when the tortured and dismembered dead lie strewn about the trench, and the wounded groan from No-Man's-Land. But neither is that the fear of death. It is a repulsion which breeds hot anger more often than cold fear, reckless hatred of life

more often than abject clinging to it.

The cases where any sort of fear, even for a moment, obtains the mastery of a man are very rare. Sometimes in the case of a boy, whose nerves are more sensitive than a man's, and whose habit of self-control is less formed, a sudden shock will upset his mental balance. Sometimes a very egotistical man will succumb to danger long drawn out. The same applies to men who are very introspective. I have seen a man of obviously low intelligence break down on the eve of an attack. The anticipation of danger makes many

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men "windy," especially officers who are responsible for other lives than their own. But even where men are afraid it is generally not death that they fear. Their fear is a physical and instinctive shrinking from hurt, shock, and the unknown, which instinct obtains the mastery only through surprise, or through the exhaustion of the mind and will, or through a man being excessively self-centered. It is not the fear of death rationally considered; but an irrational physical instinct which all men possess, but which almost all can control.

A Student in Arms.

HOW GREAT BRITAIN AND AMERICA CAN BE FRIENDS.

Anglo-American friendship is of the utmost consequence for the world. But those who think so must beware of supposing that what has just happened across the Atlantic is its result, still less its consummation. Rather it is an opportunity for it to ripen; a precious opportunity which far-seeing men on both sides of the ocean ought on no account to let slip.

Germany has driven the United States against its will to break off diplomatic relations. She will drive it to make war. A good many Germans in high places have favored doing so for a long time. Their calculation has been threefold. First, they do not expect the American Army and Navy to be used in Europe, where alone they could really affect the issue of the struggle. Secondly, American prestige would nevertheless provide an excuse and a screen behind which the German Government could surrender, if surrender became inevitable, without forfeiting its domestic popularity. Thirdly, they think, America is unlikely to join the Allies as one of themselves, but even if she does, her influence in the peace negotiations would

be used on Germany's side. They assume that what Mr. Wilson has really been wanting, and will continue to work for, is not a League of Peace, but a new balance of power in Europe, which would enable America to be arbiter. For this balance he is supposed to regard the maintenance of Germany's international influence as essential; a belief to which, it must be confessed, a good deal of color has been lent by his recent utterances, and still more by those of journals and journalists who are known to be in specially close touch with him.

Some of these reckonings may be in error; but most seem not unpleasible at present. The Washington correspondents anticipate that America's military action in the war will within the period for which calculations are made be *nil*; that her naval action will be confined to policing her own side of the Atlantic; and that she will not join the Alliance. This is very much less than she would do if the pro-British sentiment which prevails among the better-to-do classes in the great Eastern cities were to prevail among the masses of the population and through-

out the whole area of the Republic. But the fact is that among the Western and Middle States, which re-elected Mr. Wilson to the Presidency, it scarcely prevails at all. Their people, who now form the majority of Americans, derive their pacifism chiefly from their sense of Europe's remoteness. They include very large German populations, but are not generally pro-German. They were not shaken out of their inertia by the *Lusitania* incident; they have at last been by the comprehensiveness of the final German threat. But their impulse is in its inception purely defensive. It is not at all one of sympathy for the Allies. Such sympathy as they have is platonic; and France is almost the sole object of it. In the mass, and apart from educated exceptions, they have no feeling of solidarity whatever towards the great country whose language their own shares.

Of all this Mr. Wilson is well aware. He trims his sails with the utmost skill to the winds of Western and Middle-Western sentiment. Whether and how he wants to modify them is another matter. Those who claim to know his inner mind are by no means in agreement about it. But about ourselves there should be no question. We are profoundly concerned to modify a state of things which has permitted one great branch of the English-speaking peoples to be indifferent to the destiny of another. If the United States for the first time in its history comes into a great war as the partner and not the enemy of Great Britain, there is a supreme opportunity for establishing a tradition of partnership in place of the tradition of enmity. We ought to embrace it with both hands. If we miss it, not only will the immediate consequences be serious; not only may American weight at the peace-negotiations be thrown against British interests into the scale

of Germany, or one of our Allies, or both; but the effects of the after-war development of the world may be more serious still.

How is this widening of sympathy for us in America to be attained? One great step towards it the British Government alone can take. It is such an important one that without it no others will carry us far. This step is the settlement of the Irish problem on a Home Rule basis. One can scarcely exaggerate how much the Unionist policy in Ireland during the last thirty years has done to freeze off the *rapprochement* which would otherwise have been inevitable between the British and American democracies. Ever since the great emigration from Ireland began in the famine years, its principal goal has been the United States. The figures sometimes quoted for the American population of Irish descent (12,000,000 is a common one) are all guesswork. But that it is very large is beyond doubt; and that in proportion to its numbers it wields more political influence than any other racial element in the United States is one of the commonplaces of American politics. The Democratic party is in a large measure controlled by it; and neither Mr. Wilson nor any other Democratic President can afford to ignore its feelings. At the beginning of the war Mr. Redmond did an inestimable service to the British Empire by making it possible for this powerful element in America to entertain British sympathies. Had the British Unionists permitted Mr. Asquith's Government to make any effective response, it was not only Ireland, but the United States, that we could have grappled to our hearts with hooks of steel. As it was, inaction was only succeeded by wrong action. The introduction of Sir Edward Carson into the Coalition Ministry in 1915 caused almost as unfavorable an impression throughout America as in

Nationalist Ireland. It was looked upon as symbolizing the return to power of the old militant George III "Toryism," which is the bugbear of native American tradition, and during whose periods of office England and America (as the *New York World* lately put it) "do not speak the same language." Distrust towards England was intensified a year later by the rising and the executions in Dublin. If one may judge American opinion by its Press, scarcely any event in the war—scarcely even the sinking of the *Lusitania*—sent such a shock of horror through the United States as the Dublin shootings. The Cabinet revolution last December and the disappearance of Mr. Asquith and Lord Grey from the Ministry completed the impression that "Toryism" had been brought to the top in England by the war; just at a time when the German propagandists were exploiting most successfully the illusion that Germany had been "liberalized."

The coming Imperial Conference gives Mr. Lloyd George a great chance to reverse this current. All the Dominion Governments favor Irish Home Rule. In Australia, with its very large Irish population, the issue has almost

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as much importance as in the United States. We can never attain a harmony of the English-speaking peoples with the Irish left out. But when once the Irish sore is healed, the path is straight before us. Great Britain can fight the war to its end, with no further aspersions on her *rôle* as the champion of freedom. The United States, in whatever degree it participates in the actual struggle, can then give us an unqualified moral support. After the war we can look forward to common action between the United States and the Allies for the maintenance of peace and international fair-dealing. We can look forward to such detailed but invaluable changes for the better as the reform of American and English school-books; so that the former no longer make tales of England's wickedness their most remembered feature, and the latter convey some adequate sense of the proportionate greatness of America in the English-speaking world. All this and much more can be secured, if the British Empire and nation can screw up enough courage to bring to reason the tiny clique of the Anglo-Irish Ascendancy. But if not, we stand to miss all.

THE SUPER-CHAR.

SCENE.—*A square in Kensington.*
At every other door is seen the lady of the house at work with pail, broom, scrubbing-brush, rags, metal-polish, etc.

Chorus of Ladies.

In days before the War
Had turned the world to Hades
We did not soil
Our hands with toil—
We all were perfect ladies;

LIVING AGE, VOL. V. NO. 260.

To scrub the kitchen floor
Was *infra dig.*—disgusting;
We'd cook, at most.
A slice of toast
Or do a bit of dusting.

But those old days are flown,
And now we ply our labors:
We cook and scrub,
We scour and rub,
Regardless of our neighbors;

The steps we bravely stoned,
Nor care a straw who passes
The while we clean
With shameless mien
Quite brazenly the brasses.

First Lady. Lo! Who approaches?
Some great dame of state?

Second Lady. Rather I think some
walking fashion-plate.

Third Lady. What clothes! What furs!

First Lady. And tango boots! How
thrilling!

They must have cost five guineas if
a shilling.

Second Lady. Sh, dears! It eyes us
hard. What can it be?

Third Lady. It would be spoke to.

Second Lady. Would it?

First Lady. Let us see!

Enter the Super-Char.

Super-Char. My friend the butcher
told me 'e'd 'eard say
You 'adn't got no servants round
this way,
And as I've time on 'and—more than
I wish,
Seein' as all the kids is in munish—
I thought as 'ow, pervised that the
wige
Should suit, I might be willin' to
oblige.

Chorus of Ladies.

O joy! O rapture!

If we capture

Such a prize as this!

Then we may become once more
Ladies, as in days of yore,
Lay aside the brooms and pails,
Manicure our broken nails,
Try the last complexion cream—
What a dream

Of bliss!

Super-Char. 'Old on! Let's get to
business, and no kidding!

I'm up for auction; 'oo will start the
bidding?

First Lady. I want a charlady from ten
to four,

To cook the lunch and scrub the
basement floor.

Super-Char. Cook? Scrub? Thanks!
Nothink doin'! Next, please! You,
Mum,

What are the dooties you would 'ave
me do, Mum?

Second Lady. I want a lady who will
kindly call
And help me dust the dining-room
and hall;

At tea, if need be, bring an extra cup,
And sometimes do a little washing
up.

Super-Char. A little bit of dusting, I
might lump,
But washing up—it gives me fair the
'ump!

Next, please!

Third Lady. My foremost thought
would always be
The comfort of the lady helping me.
We have a cask of beer that's solely
for
Your use—we are teetotal for the
War.
I am a cook of more than moderate
skill;
I'll gladly cook whatever dish you
will—
Soups, entrées.

Super-Char. Now you're talkin'! That's
some sense!
So kindly let me 'ave your reference,
And if I finds it satisfact'ry, Mum,
Why, s'elp me, I 'ave arf a mind to
come.

Third Lady. My last good lady left six
months ago
Because she said I'd singed the
soufflé so;
She gave me no address to write
to—

Super-Char. What!

You've got no reference?

Third Lady. Alas, I've not!

Super-Char. Of course I could not
dream of taking you

Without one, so there's nothing more to do.

These women—'ow they spoil one's temper! Pah!

Hi! (*she hails a passing taxi*) Drive me to the nearest cinema.

(She steps into the taxi and is whirled off.)

Chorus of Ladies.

Not yet the consolation
Of manicure and cream;

Not yet the barber dresses
Our dusty tousled tresses;

Punch.

The thought of titivation
Is still a distant dream;

Not yet the consolation
Of manicure and cream.

Still, still, with vim and vigor,
'Tis ours to scour and scrub;

With rag and metal polish
The dirt we must demolish;

Still, still, with toil-bowed figure,
Among the grates we grub;

Still, still, with vim and vigor,
'Tis ours to scour and scrub.

CURTAIN.

AMERICA AND GERMANY: THE PROSPECTS.

The old jocular tradition of America—we were brought up on it in the 'seventies—as a nation resolved to cut a caper in the world and lick creation has today to be taken in sober earnest. Only the other day Mr. Wilson was still being visualized by the apostles of perpetual peace as presiding, with an aureole about his head, at the board which is to bring in the brotherhood of nations and the angelic federation of the world: today Mr. Roosevelt is on his behalf volunteering with Kermit and three other sons for war service in the field. If this is not licking creation, one does not know how it can be done. The change in the whole of the American scene is so staggeringly abrupt that one may be forgiven for observing at the first flush a certain humorous element about it. Moreover—that the broad spirit of comedy may not be wanting—here is the very Mr. Ford who lately equipped an armada of peace prophets and set sail for Europe, now offering the President one of his motor-car factories for the production, it is said, of submarines for the United States Navy. Mark Twain and the school of American humorists should

have died hereafter: they lived in a comparatively dull age.

It is not humanly possible to be quite blind to the drollness of the change; but, none the less, the event is one of much moment. We are not sure that it may not prove to be the chief "turn-up" in the war so far. If America comes in she will be an asset of undeniable value to the cause of the Allies. Two years ago Lord Kitchener, there can now be no harm in saying, believed that if only America were to join the Allies, the effect would be to shorten considerably his three years war. He therefore opposed hostile references to the attitude of America, and equally he opposed the foolish habit of plucking at her sleeve, nudging her, pointing out to her the wickedness of Germany, and urging her to come in. He held—and he was right—that this was the way not to bring America round. America has been all through, up to the present time, as we have often pointed out, dead against taking part in the war. The vast mass of her population has been consistently and resolutely neutral. There has been a section, of course, in favor of going in on the side of Germany, namely, the

"hyphenated" section; and there has been another and smaller section, voiced by Mr. Roosevelt, in favor of going in on the side of the Allies. Possibly the last named represented 10 per cent of the population of the United States, but we cannot tell: it may have been substantially less. One thing is sure: the American people, up till the sudden and amazing altercation with Germany, has been nothing if not neutral. Of course, it has been interested in the war. It has pitied Belgium sincerely; it has been often shocked—sometimes, as in the case of the "Lusitania," angered—by the sinking of passenger and other mercantile vessels without warning; and it has been uneasy about the whole of the trade and tariff question after the war.

But, interested as she has been in the war, America has been far more concerned in keeping out of it; and all the excited flutterings and flatterings, so far, in this country, and all the suggestions that America was coming in, have been ignorant and thoughtless. In a flash the whole situation, to everybody's surprise, altered; for Germany put forth a submarine defiance in a form which went about as near to a declaration of war against America as human ingenuity could contrive. Virtually, Germany's step is a declaration of sea war against America. Germany has flung down contemptuously the gauntlet, and America has, well, not picked it up, but stooped observably towards it. Bernstorff has gone; that is something towards the fulfilment of Mr. Roosevelt's desire—we may yet see Kermit in khaki; and he would get a reception in this country which fairly would lick creation in the way of applause and popularity.

But where America would be of chief value today would be in ships, mercantile in the main. Ships are

food. America has got the ships, she has got the food,—and she has got the money too. As regards armies, she would be late on the scene; though if the war were not starved out some time in or before 1918, America could prove a mighty and determining influence in the purely military sense, in the sense of soldiers. She has an immense population, and it could be trained to military service just as effectually as our civilian population has been trained. Besides, if America once came in, and the war was not starved out some time in 1918, she would certainly see it through. It is not possible to doubt her stamina. She would set about making men as she always sets about making money. We should have Wilson armies, and Root armies, and Roosevelt armies, and the last would probably be the biggest of all, for there is reason for supposing that Mr. Roosevelt has, for various reasons, been coming back into favor again of late, though the trend has not been noticed here.

Today we must confine ourselves severely to the word "if" in regard to America. The position looks like war; but we must not forget that refusing to have relations with a country is not the same as actually going to war with a country. To cut a man, or to request him to leave your house when he is offensive, is not challenging him to mortal combat. We must wait events, and it can hardly be a long wait. We must wait and see.

Another warning, and a grave one, should be given. Mr. Neville Chamberlain, in his speech on the so-called National Service scheme, told his audience, in effect, that because Bernstorff had been dismissed, it was wrong to suppose the war over. Indeed, it is ridiculous to assume anything remotely of the kind. The talk about Germany being at her last gasp, and the catch phrases about

this submarine campaign of hers being the final throw of a beaten and reckless and desperate gamester are inane rubbish. Germany is nowhere near her last gasp, and the submarine campaign is not a desperate gambler's throw at all. It has nothing of the gambler about it. We wish it had. On the contrary, it is a most carefully thought and worked out plan, malign, and of great peril to the cause of the Allies. It is not "optimism" to view Germany's latest submarine development as the last throw of a despairing and beaten gambler; it is idiocy to view it in that light and to advertise it so in flaming headlines and posters, which ought to be ridiculed by all sensible people. Germany is pinched by privations at home, whilst in the field, despite her whirlwind success in Roumania, she is threatened with ultimate ruin. It is impossible that she should indefinitely resist the growing, tremendous menace of Sir Douglas Haig's armies, and France stands firm and is the victor after Verdun—after that marvelous feat of hers in driving the enemy out of Fort Vaux! But the Allies need time; they need more time by far than the thoughtless have imagined to win outright. Germany is still an immensely strong fighting Power, and she can put up a long resistance should her submarine campaign even only half succeed. The submarine is today by far her best weapon and is one of great menace to us all. But, besides, she has reorganized her labor and man power at home in a scientific and thoroughly drastic way, and we are

The Saturday Review.

not at all sure that she is not playing her game in Poland with much more skill and success than British and French people suppose. Poland means another large army; we should not forget that. It is true voluntary recruiting there has so far proved a failure, the Poles not responding readily despite German promises of an independent Poland; but voluntarism for war ends does not in these days matter a straw. It is discredited, and known quite well in sincere speech to be a mad waste of time. We have to assume that the mass levy, the labor and military plans in Poland and Belgium and elsewhere, and, above all, the submarine development will give Germany a new lease of life and activity. We have to assume—it is the only safe way—that, somehow, Germany will subsist on her attenuated food supplies until the harvests of her own country, as well as those of Roumania, Poland, and Belgium, etc., relieve the strain. And we have to make our own plans accordingly. Germany, in carrying her submarine menace à outrance and risking war with America, is reckless. But it is not the recklessness of a despairing and beaten gambler: rather it is the recklessness of a strong-willed and defiant man who, if we may borrow a famous phrase of Lord Milner, "damns the consequences." Let us have done with the miserable pretense that Germany is on her last legs. If we continue to drivel about German famines and revolutions, and about German despair, we shall be snuffed out forever by this war.

THE EMPIRE BUILDER.

The administration of India evolved long ago into a vast, anonymous, impersonal machine. Viceroys come and

go, and leave their traces behind them, but the adventurous age of the pioneer is ended. Of the real workers, who in

Council and Presidency shape the policy and wield the authority of the King-Emperor, the masses at home know nothing, and the educated world but little more. There is scope for personality in the new dependencies, but most of them lie far afield, beyond the track of the tourist and the ken of the journalist. From all this silent and almost nameless exercise of power, the career of Lord Cromer stood out unique and splendid, the single exception. It was not that Egypt presented the most interesting or most important Imperial task of his generation. Rather it was that the task was new, that it lay for nearly twenty years in the storm-zone of European high polities, and, above all, that countless witnesses, tourists, journalists, archæologists, and seekers after health visited the land in which he worked. His was a masterful personality, but the real field of its ascendancy came to lie, as the years of his tenure of power lengthened out, rather in England than in Egypt. He became the center of a legend, the typical figure of the modern Imperialism which dominated our foreign policy for a generation before the Boer War. The modern Empire Builder must learn to reign in two elements. It is well if he can gain the confidence of the subject-population, but it is indispensable that he should win the trust of the sovereign people at home.

Lord Cromer had to deal in the early years with Governments of both parties which did not wish to make an occupation of Egypt, perpetual, and with Liberal opinion all the time, which hesitated first over the occupation itself, and then over his omission to create any real beginnings of self-government. He won his battle by his own firmness of purpose, by his adroitness in handling men who were nominally his superiors, by the literary skill of his annual reports, and his

power of creating a real popular interest in his problem. That he was the autocrat in Egypt was no miracle: he had the British Army behind him. That he became the real ruler of Egypt was a triumph of personality, rather because he made a legend which no Cabinet in London dare disturb. His ascendancy, in short, was won over his own countrymen. Very little of his power over the Egyptians was due to his personal qualities. He did not wield a human magnetism over them, as Lord Kitchener certainly did. He never tried to govern by private or public persuasion. He scarcely troubled to seek contact with the native mind. Though he was a good linguist, and learned Modern Greek in his first official position in the Ionian Isles, it is significant that he had never tried to learn Arabic. The East did not allure him, as it allured all our greatest administrators, and the tone of his "Modern Egypt," especially towards Islam, is curiously external and even hostile. His immense success was not a psychological triumph. It was that of a very competent but rather hard intelligence, which set up the framework of an orderly Government as an engineer erects his plant.

When Sir Evelyn Baring first became, as Consul-General, the real ruler of Egypt, he would have summed up his aim in four words: To make Egypt solvent. All that he did was directed to this limited purpose, and all that he left undone was omitted, because it had no direct relation to this one absorbing end. It was not a task of great complexity or hopeless difficulty. The Khedives who ruled before the spendthrift Ismail, had been good husbandmen, and the country was, by Oriental standards, thriving and progressive before he mortgaged its resources to usurers. There is a good deal of truth in Mr.

Shaw's dictum that the real creators of the contemporary prosperity of Egypt were the ever-laborious peasantry, the generous Nile, and the opulent soil which yields three crops in every year. Lord Cromer's task was to sweep away the artificial and accumulated hindrances to the pre-destined prosperity of Egypt. That was a great administrative achievement. It created order and security, and the elements of justice. It diminished, though it could not extirpate, the rooted native habits of corruption and cruelty. Beyond this achievement lay his daring engineering works, which extended the area of cultivation and provided for the now fast-increasing population. The limited aim of achieving solvency was reached early in this long career, and there followed the equally successful effort to increase the production of the country. The best side of all this good work lay in the fact that, from first to last, the burdens of the peasantry were immensely lightened, whether one looks at their liability to taxation or to the service of the corvée. That there was a relative increase in the prosperity of the peasantry, as well as an immense increase in the total wealth of the country, admits of no doubt. But no one who is familiar with the aspect and interior of an Egyptian village will care to dwell with much complacency on this subject. The most industrious peasantry, working on the richest soil in the world, lived still in mud hovels, and owned, beside its few pots and pans, its store of maize, and a straw mat or two, literally nothing but the blue cotton gowns on its back. The native landlord, exploiting one of the worst systems of land tenure in the world, the native or Greek usurer, and the foreign financier and speculator were more intimately acquainted with this startling new prosperity than the hard-

driven fellah, enshackled in a mesh of debt and "truck" and semi-servitude.

Lord Cromer came of a great banking family. His first contact with Egypt had been as a Controller of the Debt; his administrative experience in India had been as Financial Member of the Council. He was from first to last the economist, and his view of politics (as we realized in his staunch adherence to Free Trade) was both in its limitations and in its positive inspirations, that of the older Manchester School. He was penetrated by the tradition of *laissez faire*: he was an Individualist to the backbone: he stood aloof from all the modern expansion of the idea of the State. This partly explains the worst defect of his long term of power—the neglect of education. A young national State, like Bulgaria, when it came to its kingdom and got rid of the Turks, thought first of education, and at any cost proceeded to build up a national system. Lord Cromer actually economized on education, cut down expenditure, and in many ways did less for it than the Khedives had done. One pound in £81 of its annual expenditure was what Egypt gave to education in his latter years. Prussia spends an eighth of her Budget on it, and even poor Serbia a fifteenth. The result was that he left Egypt without a true university, with only four Governmental secondary schools for boys; and with just 4 per cent of the Moslem population able to read and write. When he pointed to the crudity of the Nationalists, the childishness and irresponsibility of the native Press, the want of enlightenment of the existing consultative elected bodies, the general absence of public spirit and public interest, he had a strong case. The intellectual level, even of the wealthier Egyptians, is abysmally lower than that of any Balkan State. But how

much of this is due to the original poverty of the intellectual soil, the distressing legacy of history, and the fetters of Islam, and how much to the fact that the Occupation had paid much less attention to fertilizing men's minds than to irrigating the soil? It developed Egypt rather than the Egyptians. In the years since Lord Cromer's departure, a good deal has been done to remedy his omissions. Sir Eldon Gorst, in his brief and rather unhappy term, did much for education, and set up in the totally unregulated and grossly exploited factories and ginneries that Factory Act which Lord Cromer had always refused. Lord Kitchener struck decisively at some of the abuses of usury and land tenure which had obstructed the fellah's progress. Both of them interfered far more drastically with the liberty of the Press and of public agitation than Lord Cromer had ever done. His comparative moderation there revealed the good side of his *laissez-faire* training. But both of his successors had a more constructive conception of the positive benefits of good government.

It was only on the negative side that Lord Cromer inherited the Manchester tradition. His refusal to create a Ministry of Agriculture was a typical illustration of this tendency. In his attitude towards self-government his position was more modern. The real reason why in all his four-and-twenty years he had done substantially nothing to promote Egyptian self-government, was clearly revealed only in his later writings. He held that it was useless and even mischievous to attempt anything until the fetters of the Capitulations had been removed. He saw that the immense financial interests represented by the numerically small European population could not be deprived of the double protection, first of their

extra-territorial rights, and, secondly, of the British overlordship, without some effective substitute. His proposal was apparently to set up some elected Upper Chamber, chosen by these foreign residents, which should (presumably by some power of veto) safeguard their interests and those of the investors behind them, against the native interests represented in a Lower Egyptian Chamber. We touch in this scheme the real modern problem of Imperialism—another phase of the problem which produced the clash of Uitlander and Boer in the Transvaal. Everywhere in a modern empire, the ruling Imperial interest is today that of the capital which exports itself to build railways, to promote irrigation, or to develop the production of raw material. Everywhere this imported capital, represented only by a handful of white residents, stands opposed to the mass-interests of the native population, which will swamp it if it can achieve democratic self-government. Everywhere the Imperial arm stands uneasily poised between its class and race affinity to the foreign financier, and its protective duties to the native masses. The case is often complicated, as it was in Egypt, by the fact that at present the only native element which is capable of using the instrument of self-government, is not at bottom representative of the masses, but is itself as crudely egoistic in its defense of its class privileges as the least enlightened of foreign financiers. For this problem Lord Cromer had a solution which seemed to recognize frankly the supremacy of the foreign capitalists in this clash of interests. How in the long run the Empire of the future will solve this problem, the biggest and the most perplexing that confronts us, we cannot guess. It will not be on his lines, if we retain any faith in democracy. He stated the problem, but he left it unsettled. He

stands out the ablest, the most typical, the most famous figure in an age of capitalistic Imperialism whose final evolution none of us can read.

The Nation.

LATIN AMERICA AND THE WAR.

In several States of Latin America it seems possible that the submarine blockade of the Allied and most of the neutral countries may directly or indirectly lead to internal disturbance. It is almost vital for them all to get their staple products to European and American markets, and therefore to do their best to end both the blockade and the war. Brazil and Chile have emphatically protested to Germany; Uruguay, Bolivia, and—less energetically—Argentina have done so likewise. Peru has vigorously denounced the sinking of the Peruvian ship "Lorton," and has exacted from Germany a promise of inquiry and possible compensation. Some of the other States may be influenced by the indignant reply of Spain to the German Note. But in Southern Brazil and Southern Chile large elements of the population are of German extraction, and in these States, and still more, relatively, in some of the smaller ones, German commercial interests are powerful, and immense efforts have been made of late years to extend German influence. In Ecuador and Paraguay that influence has been established in the Administration, and almost everywhere attempts have been made from Germany to create among the German residents that hyphenated patriotism which is now being so severely tested in the United States. Moreover, the great Republic of the North is nowhere popular in Central and South America, and in some of the Central American States, and in Colombia and Ecuador it is very much the reverse. The real interest of all the States in a German defeat will thus come into conflict in most

of them with their dread of the United States, and with that respect for Germany which the "hyphenates" and the Pan-Germans at home have done their best to encourage. Acute internal difficulties, therefore, may well be set up by the present phase of the war.

In the greater States, however, in spite of large elements in the population which are of German origin, there is less reason for apprehension than in some of the lesser ones. In Argentina the large British and the much larger Italian element may be trusted to make for the interest of the Allies, and to keep German intrigues in check. In Southern Chile there is a large and compact German population; but British residents in Chile are so numerous and influential, and Chilean interests are so evidently bound up with the complete reopening of the European markets for nitrates, that we may fairly expect a similar result. The strength of the sentiment of the German residents, indeed, was exhibited early in the war at the banquet to Admiral von Spee after the sinking of the "Monmouth" and the "Glasgow"; but it is a sentiment not likely to influence the oligarchy which governs the Republic. In three States of Southern Brazil—Parana, Santa Catharina, and Rio Grande do Sul—there are from 600,000 to a million of "colonists" of German extraction, aggregated in German-speaking towns and villages, and for the past 25 years subjected to every possible influence which could arouse in them a Pan-German patriotism. By school teachers sent from Germany, by German priests and pastors, by offering

scholarships tenable at German universities, by a German Press, and the circulation of Pan-German literature, and by the influence of the German business men settled in the towns and the German Consular agents, every effort has been made to create a State within a State and prepare for a German defiance of the Monroe doctrine whenever the opportunity may come. How far these efforts have been successful is disputed. The great majority of the German-speaking inhabitants are native-born agriculturists, whose parents, or more commonly grandparents, settled in the country before the establishment of the German Empire, and against the wishes of the Prussian Government; and some of the original stock were Poles and Austrians of various sorts, so that this generation, though speaking, it is said, at least two German dialects, is even less "German" politically than the French Canadians are French. Still, the Pan-German influences above-mentioned and the active propaganda since the war began may have overcome their inertia; and we should not be altogether surprised to hear of a secessionist movement, though it is hardly likely to get beyond demonstrations in the towns.

It is in the smaller States that we must look for the strongest German influence. The Paraguayan Army wears German uniform and is drilled by German officers; but Paraguay is not likely to do anyone much harm. The danger is rather that such British and American interests as there are in these countries may be adversely affected by German intrigue. This danger is greater, perhaps, in Ecuador and Colombia. Not only are the training colleges in Ecuador staffed by German teachers, but it is common knowledge that the Guayaquil and Quito Railway, on whose prior lien bonds the Government has again just

defaulted, has a German traffic manager, sent out by the German Colonial Office at the request of the Government; though the financial record of Ecuador Governments is so unsatisfactory that we cannot say that the manager is the prime cause of the default. Still, the position is disquieting, the more so as anti-American sentiment has long been strong in view of the alleged desire of the United States to obtain a naval station in the Galapagos Islands to protect the Panama Canal. In Colombia, too, it is by no means certain that a similar feeling has been destroyed by the treaty giving substantial damages for the loss of Panama; and both these States, it may be remembered, committed breaches of neutrality in favor of Germany in the first months of the war. Moreover, in Colombia and Venezuela, as in several other States, old-established firms whose partners are, more or less remotely, of German extraction have been put on the British black list for trading with the enemy—with good reason, doubtless, though their motive was probably profit rather than pro-Germanism. But such a course hardly tends to promote local sympathy with the Entente.

In the Republic of Panama German interests are considerable, and also in Guatemala; but the United States is on guard at the Isthmus, and the President of Guatemala will not risk a quarrel. In Nicaragua, perhaps, there may be trouble; but north of Panama the chief danger is probably in Mexico. Carranza is stated to have sent his best wishes to the Kaiser, and to have suggested a general embargo by neutrals on the export of munitions. And it is probably true that the Germans in Mexico are doing their very best to make trouble for President Wilson. Germans are believed to have encouraged Carranza

and Villa in opposing the United States ever since the fall of Madero's Government; German secret service money is said—though without much evidence—to have been used largely in Mexico, and at the time of the "Lusitania" incident the *New York Herald* published a facsimile of an order to the German reservists in the United States to report themselves for service at Ciudad Juarez, on the frontier, in the event of a breach between the Governments at Washington and at Berlin. True, Carranza

The Economist.

has now provisionally arranged his differences with Washington, and is busy preparing for the elections that will legalize his position. But we may be sure that the German agents will use him to create a diversion of American effort if they can, or any rival chief through whom they may prolong the Mexican imbroglio. And the Power that itself ordered and carried out atrocities in Belgium is not likely to stick at promoting them vicariously on the border of Texas and Arizona.

WHAT WILL THE UNITED STATES DO?

The immediate policy of President Wilson is one of the most interesting subjects of speculation at the moment. Will he go to war with Germany? Does he want to go to war, thinking it the only possible solution of the tangle? If so, why is he waiting? Is he testing the state of opinion behind him before he commits himself? Or does he still hope to keep out of the war? And if so, does he believe that the principles which he has often and eloquently reiterated can be saved for the world? Such are a few of the questions which are daily asked by all European observers of the American situation.

In our judgment, it may fairly be assumed that Mr. Wilson does not want to go to war, and will keep out of it if he can, for if he had wanted to go to war he would not be at peace now. It follows that he believes that the principles of humanity and the rights of neutrals, which he has boldly asserted to be a charge on the honor of America, can conceivably be safeguarded without war. We are therefore brought by the elimination of other questions to the question whether Mr. Wilson will be driven into war

against his will. This might happen either through the definite acts of Germany or by the force of circumstances. For our part, we think that in one way or another America will be forced into war; but when we say "war" we do not necessarily mean war in the full sense in which it is understood and practised by the Allies. It is clear that now that the hands of Germany are tied, so that she cannot strike across the Atlantic, except by means of a stray submarine or a raider that slips through our blockade, such a thing as making war with limited liability is possible for the United States. The United States might enter into a hostile relation with Germany, which would be a degree or state of war, without any idea of ranging herself as a fully committed member of the Alliance. Indeed, when one comes to think of it, nothing is more certain from what Mr. Wilson has already said than that he would not join the Allies as a fully committed partner. He has declared in Congress that the United States is concerned with methods of preserving peace after the war, and not with the actual settle-

ment between the belligerents which will be reached at the end of the war. His statement, while definitely abandoning the ancient American theory of isolation, and as definitely acknowledging the concern of the United States in all international affairs, and therefore in the affairs of Europe, nevertheless stopped short of expressing an American opinion on the direct issues of the war. Such an attitude postulates a partnership of limited liability with the Allies in a political sense, even if in the end America should be driven step by step into military action scarcely distinguishable from our own. No one, we suppose, to take a concrete example, could imagine the United States undertaking in a signed document to drive the Turks from Europe and place Russia at Constantinople. Yet without that and similar pledges she would never be a full member of the Alliance. From every point of view, then, we think that the United States will come into a state of war gradually, but that she will come into it only because she is forced either directly by Germany or by the intolerable indirect pressure of circumstances brought about by German action. The present delay cannot last indefinitely.

Even if there were not the strong physical reasons which we have mentioned for believing that the United States will be drawn into active hostilities in some degree with Germany, we could not ignore arguments which point in the same direction drawn from Mr. Wilson's own record. In the strongest possible language he has informed Germany that the United States expects her to abide by the laws and customs of humanity at sea, and to recognize the rights of neutrals, and that in the event of continuing to offend she will be held to strict accountability. It is true that in the course of the controversy Mr. Wilson abated his terms.

He began by asserting the rights of all neutrals, and seemed to require due warning before merchantmen were sunk, and also provision for the safety of the crews and passengers. Later—there is no "latest," for the "Lusitania" controversy was never formally settled, and the promises made by Germany after the sinking of the "Sussex" were apparently accepted as sufficiently covering the whole field—Mr. Wilson was content with some sort of provision for the lives of crews and passengers, and the word "American" appeared in the place of "neutrals" when the question of the safety of human life was being discussed. Let us however take the terms at their minimum, and assume that Mr. Wilson will not move unless an American merchant vessel with an American crew is sunk without warning and several lives are lost. Such an event cannot be far distant unless (a) German submarines in practice deliberately leave American ships alone, although in theory the German purpose remains as before to sink anything and everything, or (b) by a run of chance American vessels (of which, after all, there are not a great many that ply in the death zones) slip through the submarines without mishap. What would be the situation then? It would surely be that Mr. Wilson, having explicitly asserted his responsibility, would be leaving everything to chance. He would be the inventor of a policy—hitherto unknown in the history of nations' dealings with one another—of results by accident. That is a negation, if not a repudiation, of statesmanship, and for our part we cannot believe in it as a credible line of action for Mr. Wilson. If Germany should really succeed by means of her policy of general assassination at sea, without happening to assassinate any Americans, Mr. Wilson would be looking on while the Devil was being en-

throned. We know that Germany will not succeed, but we do not believe that Mr. Wilson wants to run even a small risk of such a disaster to mankind. Imagine what it would mean. It would mean that a victorious Germany would have wiped all international good faith off the slate. Might—lawless might—would be triumphant. Weak and small nations would groan under such bondage and oppression as would make the lamentations of Israel the melodies for all the world to sing. And the United States would be among the victims. Unless she were prepared to stand and fight she could not possibly be saved. But now if she decides in some fresh material way to check Germany she may achieve with an expenditure of tens or hundreds of millions what later might cost her thousands of millions. We feel sure that Mr. Wilson knows that. His own words and his act of breaking off diplomatic relations with Germany are evidence of it. It may be said that even now he will rather deal with Germany as he has just dealt with Mexico—wash his hands and leave her alone. But Germany and Mexico are very different Powers. The mischief Mexico can do is strictly limited, and Mr. Wilson may think that the American lives lost in that tortured country are after all far fewer than would be lost in a war. But that argument does not apply to Germany, whose bid is nothing less than to make her writ run through all the world.

The Spectator.

The Allies have never asked America to come to their assistance in arms; they have had some good reasons, both sentimental and practical, for hoping that she would keep out of the war. If we believe now that she will take some kind of hostile action against Germany, it is not because our belief coincides with our hopes. We believe what we believe because we see no other prospect. It may be that the congestion of American shipping may force Mr. Wilson's hand, for a partial paralysis in the docks is temporary evidence that Germany can intimidate the greatest of neutrals. But, on the whole, we expect that some more sudden and violent demonstration of German violence will cause Mr. Wilson to summon the American nation to action. When that happens we shall be able to say that Germany, among her other diplomatic achievements, has reunited the Anglo-Saxon world. Already Mr. Wilson's act in breaking with Germany has enormously improved British feeling towards America. If we are wrong about the course of events, and Mr. Wilson after all sees a way of serving his principles while refraining from any hostile act, the relations of Britain and America will not drop back into their former uneasy and even dangerous state. His active protest in a moral cause has put our relations on a new plane. He has at least done what we all hoped he would* do when Belgium was invaded.

GERMANY AND INDEMNITIES.

The well-known extremist writer Georg Bernhard has an article in "Plutus," a financial weekly, insisting that Germany must get war indemnities from her enemies. His argument is that Germany is spending

so much on the war that unless she can make others pay a large part of the costs she will be utterly ruined financially. This admission of the gravity of Germany's economic position is instructive, and perhaps the

whole article may be a subtle mode of preparing Germany for the worst. Germany could get indemnities only if she won a complete victory. It is possible that the success of her submarine campaign would lead to such a victory, but there is no other readily conceivable way for Germany to get there. The alternatives that Herr Bernhard, consciously or unconsciously, is setting before Germany in the event of the collapse of the submarine offensive are a swift peace or irretrievable bankruptcy. Be that as it may, the history of Germany's instruction in indemnities during this war is interesting enough. At first Herr Helfferich, the Minister of Finance, explained to the Reichstag that there was no need to impose war taxation because the defeated enemy would soon pay everything. The next stage was to say that the German Government did not want to impose war taxation because it did not wish to add to the burdens of the nation

The Manchester *Guardian*.

during the war; besides, the war indemnities would relieve things. The indemnities had thus taken second instead of first place in German financial calculations as expounded publicly. The third stage was to declare that a defeated and exhausted enemy could not pay an appreciable money indemnity. It would be best to take it out of him in the form of commercial treaties giving Germany all the benefits and her enemies all the disadvantages. Now the indemnity reappears as the one thing which can save Germany from utter ruin. It is difficult to believe that any responsible German at this time of day really expects Germany to get an indemnity. Is it improbable that the indemnity's reappearance in the German financial world is intended to draw up the curtain a little and let even the simplest German see something of the desperate plight in which his rulers' military speculation has plunged the country?

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

J. B. Kerfoot in "How to Read" attempts to lead the rising generation into a fresh conception of its duties towards books. His motto is, "Anything worth reading is worth reading well." Even a novel should not be attempted without first attuning the mind to the author's point of view. As in every book the greatest factor is the amount of personal imagination the reader puts into his reading of it, the best the man can do is to "supervise the delivery of the raw experience" on which his brain is to work. Mr. Kerfoot illustrates his original theory of the immense importance of attuning the reader to the volume by shrewd observations, amusing stories, and a profound psychology, all "delivered at the gate" in a brilliant, epigram-

matic Anglo-Saxon. Houghton Mifflin Company.

Having made "a series of peaceful visits" in France, which date back to 1904 Elizabeth Shepley Sargeant proceeds to paint for Americans a *genre* picture of France as she was before the war. She finds that the abiding spirit of the French is a "professional conscience," "a passion for technical perfection, a scrupulous patience in carrying things through." She illustrates this spirit as it works through hospital doctors, housekeepers and boarding-house keepers; she climbs the stairs of rickety tenements to find it in the delicate labor of those who make flowers or lace for a tragical price; she discovers it in the luncheon the

pastor of a country church sets for her, and even more in the sweet fatherliness of his service in his parish. The style is of one who knows the people well, for "French Perspectives" are presented in a vocabulary and an idiom truly Gallie in its blithe, light fluidity. Houghton Mifflin Company.

An unfilled niche in the annals of America is filled by John Spencer Bassett's "The Middle Group of American Historians." Ostensibly just that, a record of the men who stand between the early chroniclers and the modern scientists in the field of history, the book is far more generous. The early historians, those of the settlement, the Indian Wars, the Revolution, the growth of individual states, are treated with thoroughness and with a kindly humor as well as a hearty admiration. For some of them, Belknap and Hazard, the author shows enthusiasm. He then handles carefully and wisely the lives and works and influences of Jared Sparks, George Bancroft, Prescott, Motley, Peter Force. A final chapter on "Historians and Publishers" is both instructive and amusing. Dr. Bassett has a swift and lucid style. He has arranged and studied his subject with keen scholarship, and he manages to make these bygone writers live before his readers, individualizing them with sure touches. The Macmillan Company.

"Jerry" by Arthur Stanwood Pier is the story of an Irish lad who has all the tenderness, sentiment, and clean-heartedness characteristic of the race. The working out of Jerry's ambition to be a member of the New York police force reveals many interesting features of that career with which people in general are unfamiliar. The realization of his ambition with its accompanying disappointment gives an insight into the corruption of New

York's police system. The personal side of Jerry's life, his struggle to keep his ideals and earn a living, his love story, are all wonderfully well told. The delineation of the characters of the women who play a part in Jerry's life proves Mr. Pier's intimate knowledge of women, of the difference between the woman who has sex attraction only and the one who has character attraction, the inadequacy of the one to render married life happy and the complete satisfaction to be found in the other. A clean, sweet story, filled with the interest of homely facts. Houghton Mifflin Company.

Dr. George Frederick Kunz, whose exhaustive and beautifully-illustrated work on "Rings for the Finger" is published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, is one of those tireless experts, who, when they undertake research in any given department of investigation, do their work so thoroughly as to make further inquiry superfluous for a long time. In earlier volumes, each charming in its way, Dr. Kunz has written of the curious lore of precious stones, the magic of jewels and charms, and the references to precious stones in Shakespeare's works; but the present work is more comprehensive in its scope, covering the whole history of the uses and significance of rings among all peoples, from thousands of years before the Christian era to the present time. Dr. Kunz traces the origin of the ring back to its use among the ancient Egyptians to impress a device upon letters or documents, and in mythology to the link of his chain which Prometheus was condemned to wear, set with a fragment of the rock to which he had been bound. He describes the religious uses of rings, their significance among the ancient Hebrews and among the Greeks and Romans as badges of distinction

and marks of social rank, the magic properties attributed to them, their use as gifts for betrothal and marriage from the earliest days, carrying with them the meaning of their ancient form of a knot, and the various forms they have taken, the materials of which they have been made, and the designs with which they have been decorated from pre-historic times and peoples to the present day. The work represents the ripe fruit of the studies of a lifetime, ranging through all literatures and through all museums and collections, and in its descriptions and illustrations it presents the work of skilled artificers among ancient peoples and savage tribes as well as present-day jewelers. There are nearly three hundred full-page illustrations, three of them color plates. Rarely has a subject of so wide and varied interest been treated so comprehensively or presented in a volume so attractive.

Angela Morgan, well known to the readers of the current magazines, has already issued several striking books of verse, and now collects her more recent work into a volume, "Utterance and Other Poems." The new movement, taken up so hotly by many leading American writers, has affected the style of this book; all the rhythms have a certain freedom—not to say looseness—and yet there is really only one example of vers libre, "The Look"; and Miss Morgan makes constant use of rhyme. The finest, as well as the most widely read, "The Battle Cry of the Mothers," typifies the stern, prophetic, frenetic spirit of the poet. For she opens the first page with an announcement:

Beauty, thy call must wait,
Of hills and stars and every lovely thing.

War—Social Revolution—the glory and pain of motherhood—are set forth in the language of passion and with a

pitiless frankness. Her "Battle Cry" proclaims:

Bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh,
Fruit of our age-long mother, pain,
They have caught your life in the
nations' mesh,
They have bargained you out for the
paltry gain
And they build their hope on the
shattered breast
Of the child we sang to rest.
On the shattered breast and the
wounded cheek—
O God! If the mothers could only
speak!
Blossom of centuries trampled down
For the moment's red renown.

The woman who wrote that should be named Deborah, not Angela. The Baker and Taylor Company.

"The Spring Song" by Forrest Reid is an exquisite interpretation of the nature of an imaginative child. "Grif," the child, possesses that quality of imagination which denotes a rare spirit, one akin to nature and all living things. Such a child, acting upon impulse and never from consideration, has many adventures and constantly runs grave risks. Mr. Reid has treated a danger peculiar to such children, that of having the imagination played upon by something sinister, and in the development of this theme he has depicted a youth of imaginative power in striking contrast to that of Grif, a power to picture unknown motives for known actions, the detective imagination, the practical in contrast with the poetical imagination. It is "Grif" alone who hears "The Spring Song" but it is the other youth's gift alone to recognize the effects of an abnormal influence and thus pave the way for "Grif's" deliverance. "The Spring Song" in places attains almost to Barrie's touch and will yield to the reader all that the reader can give to it. Houghton Mifflin Company.